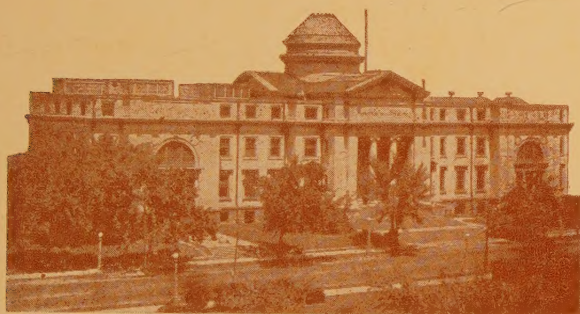


ANNALS OF IOWA



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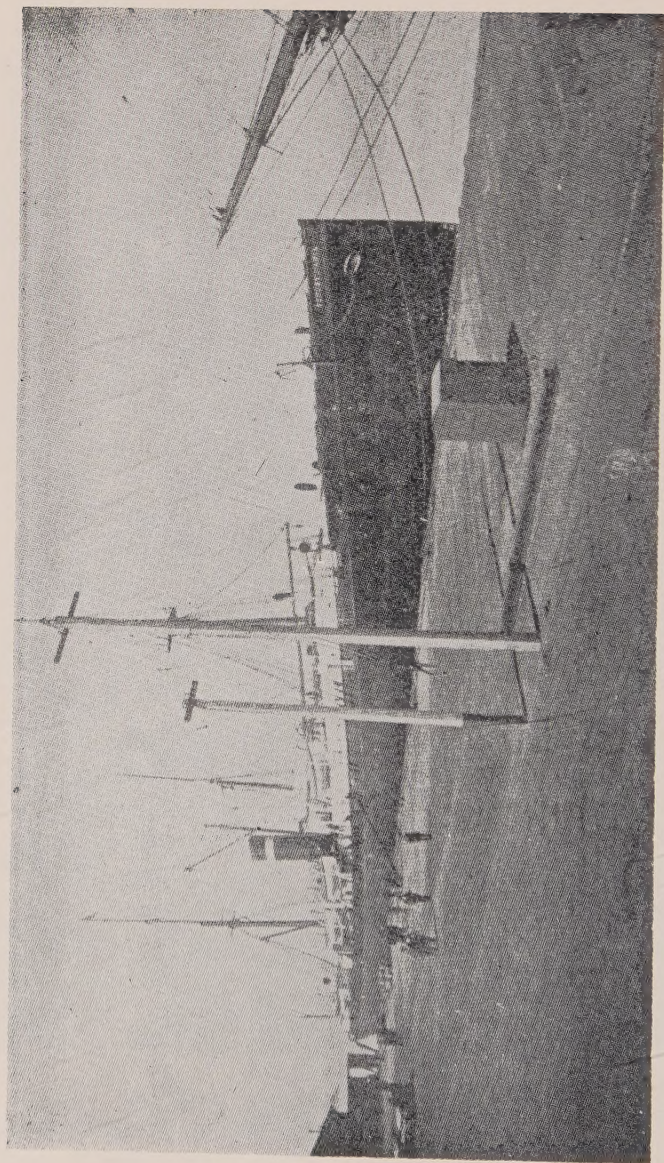
EMORY H. ENGLISH, Editor Associate

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EMBARKING OF U. S. TROOPS FOR MANILA,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



THE U. S. TRANSPORT "PENNSYLVANIA"
Home of the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry for Ninety-five Days
First Overseas Expedition of Iowa Troops

Annals of Iowa

ESTABLISHED 1863

VOL. XXXIII, No. 5

DES MOINES, JULY, 1956

THIRD SERIES

Iowa Bride Accompanies 51st Infantry to the Philippines

By BEULAH MACFARLAND WILLIAMS
Bride of Chaplain Hermon Porter Williams

An Iowa young woman was permitted by order of the U.S. War department to accompany her husband, Capt. Hermon Porter Williams, Chaplain of the 51st Iowa Infantry regiment to the Philippines in 1898, when the Spanish-American war was fought. In her letters there is vivid account of the voyage on the Transport Pennsylvania to the Orient, also her experiences as a resident of Manila and other points on Luzon island, acquaintances made and impressions of the combats engaged in by the American troops with Aguinaldo's insurgents.

These letters were written to a chum of Mrs. Williams. Embracing as they do, glimpses of Philippine life, the habits of the natives and the acquaintance of the American soldiers with them, as well as fine descriptions of housing, the currents of trade, travel and trouble shooting, they form an insight to the incidents of this first invasion of foreign lands by American troops. The statements in these letters covering the author's experiences are true, but the names used are not those of persons living or dead, substitution by the writer of pseudonyms being occasioned because of restrictions enforced by those in authority.

Chaplain Williams kindly consented to their publication and tells of his bride and her experiences on this sojourn over-seas in way of introduction to her narrative.—Editor.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAMS' INTRODUCTION

My manuscript files for a long time have held the story of my bride's experiences traveling with the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry regiment on the troop ship to the

Philippines on our invasion of that Spanish held area, a portion of which I am glad to share with readers of the ANNALS OF IOWA. They reveal the birth of freedom in the Orient, and supplement my own account of the regiment's experience, previously appearing in the ANNALS, adding lively tales of feminine adventures on shipboard and on the Island of Luzon, unique in the history of the nation.

By way of personal introduction, I may relate that Beulah MacFarland was the eighth in a family of ten orphans, whose home was in Columbus Junction, Iowa. She attended the State University of Iowa at Iowa City, and graduated in 1897. I was a member of the Class of 1895, and our friendship developed plans for our marriage after completing our college work.

The advent of the Spanish-American war might have interfered with these plans, but I obtained a leave of absence from my regiment, the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry, then in San Francisco, and we were married at her sister's home in Wapello, Iowa, on Columbus day, my father, James Madison Williams, of Drake University, officiating. On orders from the War department at Washington, she was embarked with the regiment on the Transport Pennsylvania, bound for the Philippines. Her experiences on this voyage and afterwards on Luzon Island and return to America of regiment to be mustered out recounted by her and here submitted, constitute a rare story well worthy of preservation as part of American history.

When the war was over, she returned with me to the Philippines for the establishment of our missionary work in Luzon, where I was knocked out by a deadly infection of tuberculosis. Our daughter Winifred, born in Jefferson, Iowa, was taken with us to the Philippines, and since has spent much of her adult life in Missionary work in Argentine, Paraguay and Puerto Rico, the wife of Dr. Hugh Jeremiah Williams of Pennsylvania.

Our son David, born in the Philippines, is one of the supervisors of Battelle Institute, a scientific organization

of Columbus, Ohio. An orphan boy, whom we adopted, named Lyle, has been a successful businessman in the Chicago area, but has recently moved to Denver. The eldest of his three sons, a captain in the U.S. Air force, has recently married and established a home at Boulder, Colorado.

Beulah died of pneumonia in the Presbyterian hospital at New York City, in 1937, with burial on Chaplain's Knoll, in the Arlington National military cemetery at Fort Meyer, Virginia. It is required that when I die, my body shall be buried beside her.

Albuquerque, N. M., January 1956.

THE BRIDE WRITES FROM MANILA

On Board Transport, Manila Bay,
December 8th, 1898.

Dear Kathleen: By this time you are probably wondering why you didn't hear from your old chum about her strange wedding journey; but you must remember that I am now nine thousand miles away, and it takes a long time for the journey here and a letter's return to you.

Dear me, in what a flurry I left home! To think of having only five days to prepare to go to the other side of the world! You were a jewel, Kathie dear, in that time of excitement and happiness, and I did not have time to half thank you. My husband thinks you are "just all right," which is about the highest praise he could give anyone.

Well, we did manage to get to San Francisco and aboard the transport without leaving behind anything important. The regiment marched down to the wharf Friday morning, and Hermon and I followed in the evening; and there were only three women besides myself on board among a thousand men. I have been treated with the utmost courtesy and the sea trip has been very pleasant, if it were not for that most miserable of all miserable feelings—sea-sickness.

Hardly had we gotten beyond the headlands before the grim monster seized me, and I could not shake him off

for nearly a week. Sea-sickness is no laughing matter. As the vessel rocks from side to side and trembles underneath, you feel as if every fiber in your body were buzzing and working separately. Your stomach is a square box with very sharp corners continually moving about and turning over. At first you sleep most of the time, but you have horrible nightmares in which great black creatures beat you about. After awhile you arrive at a stage of semi-consciousness and lift your eyelids to look around, but something pulls them down again and then you roll your head from side to side and sigh and moan and groan. Now and then it occurs to you that you have heard there is something funny about sea-sickness, so in duty bound you try to smile; but it is such a weak, thin, pale smile.

Well, I tho't I never would get through my siege, but the fourth day I did screw up enough courage to let Hermon drag me on deck. It was well worth the effort, for the air felt delicious, and I had to confess that the sea, which had seemed so cruel, was a beautiful, beautiful blue, and the sky so large and loving. From that time I began to regain an interest in life and my surroundings, and when we reached Hawaii, was myself once more.

Saturday morning, we glided into the harbor of Honolulu. Six or eight small boys swimming about in the bay were the first to welcome us. Our soldiers threw down nickels and dimes into the water, and the little fellows would dive for them and come up clinking and grinning with the coins between their teeth.

These native boys were so interesting to me during our stay in Honolulu. It was a pleasure to look into their kindly brown faces, and they seemed to be very accommodating and honest. Hermon gave a dime to a little fellow loafing around the wharf, and asked him to run to the postoffice for a postal card. In a few minutes the boy returned with the card and change, and could hardly be persuaded to accept more than a "thank you" for the errand.

The city of Honolulu lies between the mountains and the sea, and it seemed like a vision of fairyland that greeted our eyes as we slid up to the wharf that morning. The sun shone down brightly into the town, a mist of rain enveloped the mountains and a double rainbow hung over all. For many days in the year and even on moonlight nights, the rainbow may be seen hovering over the mountains like a halo.

We were glad to disembark and walk about, though it was some time before we got our "land-legs," as it were. Hermon and I enthusiastically started out to see the city, and what was the first thing that hove into view but "My Honolulu Lady"! She was "immense," as Hermon said, and that was literally true—two hundred and fifty pounds, I should think. Her dress was a full pink mother hubbard, with a yoke of embroidery, and as she walked, she flashed an array of much trimmed petticoats and white shoes and stockings. I'm afraid we stared most discourteously, for she was gorgeous. But when we saw her pretty face and its pleasant, kindly expression, we voted that we liked her. It seems strange that the native women are so large, bigger than the men.

We walked down one of the prettiest residence streets I ever saw. It was wide and clean and elegant for wheeling. The houses in most instances are set in the middle of large lawns beautiful in the fresh colors of nature. There were brilliant foliage shrubs, hedges all in bloom, and trees aflame with scarlet blossoms. Our enthusiastic exclamations were suddenly interrupted by a little shower of rain out of a clear sky. It has been just blown down upon us from the clouds up the mountain side. What queer little showers they do have there, so short and delicious! Hawaii's climate must be perfectly ideal, for the thermometer, they say, never rises above 85 degrees and in winter the evenings merely suggest the cold.

We stopped at a pleasant looking home to inquire our way and were greeted by a gentle-voiced English woman who insisted upon our being seated on the porch,

while she brought us a nice cool drink of water. She talked to us about their adopted land which they love so; and before we had gone, invited us to drive around the city with her in the afternoon. Of course we were delighted to accept the invitation, so at three she called for us at the wharf and we had a most delightful drive. First she took us down along the Waikiki beach. On our left was a woody park in which we caught glimpses of bewitching pools and bowers of moss and vines; while on the right were neat, pretty homes beyond which could be heard the waves breaking on the shore. We passed the "Home for Aged Natives"—beautiful and well kept. On the other side of the city were the Bishop Mission schools for native boys and girls. These fine modern buildings are set in the midst of immense grounds and the pupils have excellent advantages. At the girls' school we saw two "nut brown maidens" arm in arm swinging in a hammock; another sat in a rustic seat reading a book, others were playing tennis and different out-door games. These schools, we were informed, were endowed by a native woman of the royal family.

Just as the sun was setting, we arrived at the wharf, full of enthusiasm for our new American Islands, and feeling that the people of Honolulu are the most gracious and hospitable we ever met.

Sunday we attended the great Union church and after services met members of an American family, who invited us home with them for dinner. They urged us to spend the night and, indeed, to make their home our head-quarters while in the city. Did you ever hear of such charming cordiality? Two nights we did stay there, and slept in a queer little suite of two rooms, built separate from the rest of the house, out in the yard.

Tuesday morning, the many friends whom our regiment had made were at the wharf to say, "Goodbye." They decorated us with wreaths of flowers called leis, twining them on our hats and around our necks. It meant "Aloha," my love to you, the Hawaiian farewell. The native band was playing national airs, our band re-

sponded, and the two united in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." As we steamed out of the harbor, strains of "Stars and Strips Forever" were wafted to us over the dimpling water and wakened sweet regrets that we must leave, perhaps forever, that beautifully romantic paradise. I could hardly keep the tears back.

Four or five days out we struck a heavy sea. It was night, and I was suddenly awakened from a fearful dream by sounds of crashing glass—the surgeon's bottles were skating over his stateroom nearby. The next moment my valise leaped from my trunk to the floor and spilled everything out in motley confusion. Then the books and photographs, which had peacefully been reposing on the couch, threw themselves at me convulsively. I jumped out of bed to save my hairpins from irrevocable dispersion and was myself ruthlessly hurled across the stateroom into the path of our trunks which had begun a spirited procession up and down the narrow space. In desperation I caught hold of the side of Hermon's bunk, but it broke down and Hermon fell with a crash upon a pile of clothes, combs and sundries underneath. That was a horrible night.

For several days, the sea continued rough, and many laughable things happened on deck. One day, while the boys were eating, one unfortunate fellow lost his balance and sat down in a pan of stewed apples. His nearest comrade tried to help him out, but only succeeded in trickling a cup of hot coffee down the unguarded neck of the man in the apples. The boy who passed the beans suddenly "took a slide" to the other side of the deck and then back again; but holding onto his can of beans, he proceeded with his work as if nothing had happened.

We had a lovely moon the last week at sea, and you know how I enjoyed the evenings. The boys used to get together and sing to the accompaniment of mandolins and guitars; "Suanee River," "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer my God to Thee" were favorite songs.

We were all pretty happy when, after three weeks of nothing but sea and sky, signs of land appeared and

gradually the dim uneven outlines of northern Luzon could be seen. "Those are cocoanut trees," called out a man below us. "Yes! and watch the monkeys climbing around in them," responded another, not to be outdone in active imagination.

Through the northern channels and down the western coast, we steamed and the next morning were pushing quietly past the old Spanish guns on Corregidor Island into Manila bay. We saw our fleet of warships glittering in the sunlight off Cavite, and lying near them by the beach, the wrecks of Montojo's fleet with only the funnels and masts to testify where once Spain held proud dominion.

In the bay, about two miles from Manila, we came to anchor and found ourselves in the company of several other transports, and of a fleet of warships of different nations.

Soon after our engines stopped, a dozen little canoes flocked about, filled with fruits, cigars and cigarettes, and presided over by a little brown man and his wife or children. The soldiers let their hats down by ropes and in this way were able to carry on quite a lively commerce. It was not long before one of the officers of Company B had purchased a small monkey, and on deck had christened it "Sapphira." This company brought over with them a rooster that has become a great pet among the boys; moreover, he has plumed himself as the most important creature in the regiment, strutting about with the air of a drum major and crowing in exultation over his unique nobility. But alas, his pride has had its fall. He became supremely jealous of the monkey. He would fly at her furiously and at first frightened poor little Sapphira half to death, but at last, one day when the rooster had turned his back in disgust upon his rival, down pounced the monkey, and with a squeal grabbed the beautiful tail of Mr. Cock. In vain the latter turned and twisted and clawed; Sapphira had him at her mercy and was dragging him backward over the deck. Finally with one supreme effort the rooster

broke loose, but three of his long elegant tail feathers were gone, which the monkey was chewing with most comical grimaces. The boys keep their mascots apart now, but the rooster's spirit is broken. I haven't heard him crow since.

The captain of Company K has a dog, a little fox-terrier named "Bob," after "Bob Evans" you know. He is the most self-sufficient animal I ever saw, and a staunch, good fighter. In San Francisco some of the men of another regiment abducted him and matched him against their bull-terrier, who was a great deal larger than Bob. But, nothing daunted, the little dog closed in. They fought for a long time, and after drill the men set them at it again. They fought again till they were finally separated, and "Bob" limped back to camp, bloody, dirty, with an ear torn, with one eye swollen, but with a "triumphant gleam in the other eye," as the captain says when he tells the story. The bull terrier died from his wounds. The only time "Bob" seemed to lose all interest in life was when he was seasick; poor dog, then he immediately was *hors de combat*.

It has been five days now since we entered the bay and the regiment is impatiently waiting orders to disembark. Hermon and I have been over to Manila several times; and what interesting trips we do have! Every morning a government launch visits all of the transports and takes ashore the officers who wish to go. It puffs across the bay and into the mouth of the Pasig. Going up the river, we pass on one shore the moss covered walls of old Manila, and on the other pull alongside the wharf swarming with Chinese and native coolies.

The first day, we had to climb over several "cascos" in order to get ashore. I did not realize what interesting crafts I was stepping on, till that afternoon. Returning to the ship, we had to wait awhile before the launch started, and had an opportunity to see the floating population and their homes. Cascos are the long flat boats used for coaling vessels and for general freighting. They are covered over with woven bamboo

roofing, and at either end are the family apartments of the crew. Women were washing clothes and spreading them on the roof to dry. One sat on the floor with a hand machine before her, sewing and singing. "Pick-aninnies" ran about scantily dressed and happy. Little boys were diving from the edges of the boat and swimming about, laughing and shouting to one another. I caught the word "gang-way" in their chatter and heard the famous tune of "Hot Time" whistled with emphatic enthusiasm.

After reaching the wharf, we engaged one of the crowding vehicles and drove to the Escolta. We found ourselves in a "quilez," a two-wheeled cart boxed over and provided with seats facing each other. These are made for small people and will seat four Filipinos, but only two Americans. The Cochoero (Coachman) sits on his box outside, clucks continually to his pony and whips him unceasingly.

On the Escolta, a short narrow street, we found the post office and the principal stores. These are owned by Spaniards, Filipinos, Germans, English, French, Indians, Chinese, Japanese and Americans. The saloons are numerous. One must go through the Escolta, it seems in order to get anywhere else, consequently it is always crowded. We must take our place in the line of vehicles on the left side of the street car track, unless we are in a hurry and try to turn out in order to go around the others. In this case, we are likely to come to grief. Our pony will probably be bumped into by another, our wheels interlocked with other vehicles, and the two drivers will rise up from their seats with shouts and gesticulations that make the confusion quite vivacious. And then some soldier policeman will appear on the scene, flourish his club, shove one pony this way another that, shout "spero" to one driver and "pronto" to the other, and finally jerk order out of confusion. Oh, it's exciting! The first day I thought we never would reach the end of that street alive, and only yesterday our horse fell and turned a somersault (I think).

But I am getting used to it now and fairly enjoy the perilous scrapes we get into.

The streets are full of soldiers: the Spanish, small and dull looking, and the American, big independent, earnest; but you know our proud American soldier, and who has a better right to be proud?

I notice that the native women walking along the street and carrying burdens on their heads or perhaps a child astride one hip look so neat and clean. Their dress is simple. They wear a camisa (waist) cut low at the neck and made plain and straight reaching to the waist-line. The sleeves are full and flowing. A kerchief is worn with this and the edges of both sleeves and kerchief are daintily embroidered. The material is a native manufacture of hemp or pineapple fiber. It is very thin and cool and usually the natural color of the fiber. Their skirt is of heavier material made with a round train which they tuck in at the waist when they walk on the street. Many of the women have pretty faces with delicate features and such a wealth of luxuriant hair, so black and glossy.

The peculiar thing about the native man's dress is his shirt which is worn outside his trousers and floats airily about him.

Several times in going about we have stopped and talked with groups of these little brown people, and they have completely captivated me. They are pleasant looking and seem to be good natured and quite capable of education and culture.

I wish you could see some of the funny signs that have been put up recently to attract Americans. One Spanish restaurant has "Eggs, chees, chicken, pie, and all kinds of meals." Another serves "Breakfast, dinner, cold meat and supper"; "No Truts" a Chinaman has put in his window; I guess he means 'no trust.' And a carriage factory announces, "Carriages of all sorts and kind, all sorts of reparations of vehicles done here."

Few American women have come over yet, so we are stared at a good deal.

Hermon has just come in to tell me that our regiment has been ordered to land. Hurrah! Goodbye for this time.

Lovingly, BEULAH

AGUINALDO AND FOLLOWERS SURLY

42 Calle Francisco, Manila, P. I.

Dear Kathie: The day after I mailed my letter to you, our regiment landed and marched to the outskirts of the city about a mile from here. Aguinaldo and his followers have been growing suspicious of Americans and somewhat surly in their behavior, so the authorities think it is best to keep the city well protected until the senate decides what to do with the islands, and further orders come from Washington.

After the regiment was quite established in their new quarters, the Chaplain took me out to see the camp. The tents are scattered over a grassy slope where they have a fine outlook of rolling hills and far-away blue mountains. The sunsets are gorgeous and the morning air delicious. The boys seem happy as could be and pronounce this a pretty good country.

But what of me? Why I am just as happily situated in the home of a Spanish family in the city. We are ten in all, Senor and Senora Lopez, their four children, and three American women besides myself, Mrs. Clopp, the wife of a volunteer captain, her daughter Miss Delia, and Mrs. West, whose husband is on the Olympia. We of the American side are already friends, and while away many an hour reading and singing together, and dancing on these elegant hardwood floors.

I have told you of our family, but "there are others" namely: ten native servants who chatter, clatter, clatter, all day long, up and down the long hall into which our rooms open. I often hear them talking together about us Americans, mimicking our agonized Spanish and our voices. Then there are a dozen or more twit-

tering birds in a large cage, a parrot, which squawks continually and speaks Tagalog (his cage hangs just outside my door); a monkey which squeals; four dogs that make themselves at home in any part of the house, my room included; chickens, ducks, geese, four horses, pigs, cats and a buffalo cow. The barnyard animals, especially the geese and pigs, are heard though not seen. Aren't we an interesting household, Kathie?

I find the Lopez children most amusing and enjoyable. The youngest is a dear little girl of three, a perfect ray of sunshine with her golden head of hair and blue eyes and her delicious happy laugh. The two boys are a pair of rascals, always laughing, shouting and turning hand-springs at the most unexpected times and places, and talking a perfect jargon of Spanish, Tagalog and English, the latter picked up from the soldiers. I shall never forget the first evening Hermon was here. We were at dinner when the younger of the two, having evidently kept still as long as he could, looked up with a mischievous twinkle in his black eyes, and pointing his finger at Hermon, blurted out loudly, "*Yankee Pig!*" How we laughed! and the embarrassment of his parents only made the incident funnier.

Mr. Lopez wants the children to learn English, and I sometimes amuse myself by playing the part of a teacher. I have taught them several of our popular songs, which they love to sing, especially "John Brown's Body," paraphrased appropriately to the times: "Hang Aguinaldo on the sour apple tree," etc. The other day, passing by their room, I heard the three younger ones fairly howling on the chorus; I peeped in and saw a *picture*—there before an elaborate image of the virgin, lighted by candles, knelt the children, looking up with hands devoutly folded on their breasts, and shouting "Glory, Glory, Allelooyah!" with a tremendous accent and ring. Their mother explained that they were playing church and chanting the "Gloria."

Anita, the oldest, is a shy girl of thirteen who promises to be a beautiful woman some day. Her hair is

black and luxuriant and her eyes are full of expression. And such a skin, Kathie! no color, to be sure, but soft and delicate as a baby's. She and I have become great friends, and nearly every afternoon she brings her embroidery into my room and we chat together. I am studying Spanish and talk with everyone who gives me an opportunity. Anita is very much interested in us American women and tries to imitate us in many ways. She has taken off her earrings, I noticed today.

One afternoon recently I had been talking of our public schools and of how our girls at her age usually spent their time in school. Anita looked up at me, her eyes filling with tears, "I want to go to school," she faltered, "it costs much money and my brothers must be educated." I explained that our schools were free, and after a moment of thoughtfulness she sighed, "I wish I could live in America, I'd like to learn things too." Poor child, from what I know of Spanish girls, as a rule they must be satisfied with a little instruction in the common branches, in embroidery and music.

I get out of patience with these Spanish people sometimes; though the Lopez's are one of the best families here, they have queer ideas, for instance, about the training of their children. The servants they keep put all sorts of ideas into the young heads. Anita one time said to me, "Last week Marcella's (the sewing woman) little baby died and it had not been baptized. She knew it would not be saved so she got a priest to come and baptize it, and then she prayed. Suddenly there was a fluttering in the room and looking up, she saw a bird fly out of the window and up to heaven. It was the baby's soul." "Do you believe that?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she replied, "for when grandma died, I saw the bird fly from her lips. It is always so with people that are good." What strange superstitions have grown up with the religion of these people!

I wish you could see our "Uncle," Kathleen. He is a bachelor brother of Mrs. Lopez, and we have adopted him. We call him "Uncle" because we can't remember

his name, much less pronounce it. Nearly every evening when we are at dinner a familiar voice is heard in the hall and in steps our friend, a fat, jolly, homely, little man. "Good naeeght!" he says, with a low bow, then struts down to the end of the table and takes his seat. He has lost his heart on Miss Delia, he says, and at every mention of her name assumes the most love-lorn expression, rolling his eyes, and putting his fat little hands over his heart, this with a sigh, and afterwards a hearty laugh. We enjoy the mistakes he makes when he tries to speak English. The other evening he told us how at a party recently he wished to compliment an American lady upon her pretty arms. He asked a Spaniard the word for—pointing to his arm. "Flesh," the man replied. Consulting a pocket dictionary for further information, he finally said to the lady, "You have very nice meats."

We converse with our Spanish friends as a rule through Mr. Lopez, who speaks quite good English, but even he brings in words strangely at times. For instance, yesterday I asked to borrow the ink. With great courtesy he gave me the bottle, remarking, "Here is some, but I am frightened it will fade." At tiffin today he informed us that their ancient cook had returned.

You ask me what we have to eat. I could tell you better perhaps the things we don't have; however, here is last night's menu, and with a few changes it will be the same tomorrow night and the next night and so on. Soup (oh, so insipidly watery), fish (with a queer flavor and sprinkled with peas), stewed chicken (a suggestion of the same flavor referred to), a Spanish dish consisting of rice, banana, chicken, slices of bacon, native beans, hard boiled eggs, pieces of pork, shrimps, garlic, onions, potatoes, all piled on a big platter, and over the whole thrown a blanket of curry—(Ugh!), salad (lettuce and cabbage), beefsteak, boiled meat with potatoes, dessert (bananas), coffee (very strong and very bitter). Oh dear, when I think of the good things we have to eat at home!—I hear Hermon—finish later.

January 11: Hurrah! a big mail today! and such a nice letter from your sweet self. I'm glad you are having such a good time this winter; how can you without us soldiers? What lots of questions you do ask, child! but I think that I've already answered most of them. Let's see, I left off when Hermon came Wednesday, didn't I? Well, he bro't with him Sergeant Lawrence King. They have become excellent friends and Hermon says he's "all right"—two people I know of whom he has lately mentioned in this way. I have only caught glimpses of Mr. King since we left home, and was so glad to have him call. What a handsome man he is! especially when interested in something and his eyes light up. This climate hasn't taken the color out of his cheeks either, as it has from mine, alas! He was quiet and almost self-conscious till we began to talk of home, of our mutual friends, and of you, my Kathleen Mavour-
een. Then he was interested and interesting too. We had a very pleasant evening till those two boys got started talking about "the situation." They prophesied all sorts of dreadful things and actually spoke as if they were crazy to be in a fight—the idea! But I'm afraid some of their prophecies will come true, affairs are in such a critical condition now. They are on the lookout for a demonstration of some kind from the Filipinos, so officers are rarely allowed to leave camp. I hadn't seen Hermon for a whole week.

Friday, General Otis' proclamation printed in Spanish, English and Tagalog was posted all over town. It states the position that the American Government has taken in regard to the Islands and promises protection and good government to the inhabitants. The next day many posters had been torn from the boards and in their place was published a proclamation signed by Aguinaldo, stating that the Filipino nation had been deceived by the American Government; that they had heretofore hoped and expected to be independent, and now that they understood by the proclamation the intentions of "Mac Kinley" they wished to announce that they refuse to

recognize any government except their own, and will obey none but Aguinaldo. Moreover, they say, they're going to fight for their liberty. That sounds pretty plain, doesn't it?

I suppose this means an outbreak of some kind on the part of the natives, since our army has orders to make no aggressive movement. The question is, will it begin at the outposts with the insurgent army, or will it be an uprising of the city population, cab-drivers, shop-keepers, servants, etc., with burning and pillage? Filipino officers are becoming brazenly insulting, and every day one or two of our sentinels are attacked by natives, secretly armed with bolos. These things infuriate our boys and I guess they'll be only too glad when the clash comes, for suspense is harder to bear than fighting, they think.

Yesterday afternoon there was a great excitement. Soon after tiffin Mr. Lopez rushed into the house almost breathless, crying, "They have come, the insurgents have come." At the same time we heard a confusion in the streets, and rushing to the balcony we saw vehicles of every description racing by pell-mell. Soldiers were running and natives stupidly staring in bewilderment. The bugles from every quartel were sounding the "call to quarters," and soldiers were losing no time in getting there. They held up the quilezes, turned out the occupants and crowded in themselves. One cart was so full that the poor little pony was fairly lifted from his feet by the weight at the back end. Of course, some had to get out. Then they chucked the driver out of his seat and themselves lashed the horse up the street on a run. Some of the soldiers stopped a tramcar, hitched the ponies around to the other end and lashed furiously back to quarters, much to the dismay of the passengers. Those who couldn't crowd in ran at the side, all whooping and yelling, "Hurrah! hurrah! they've come, they're at it!" Oh my, it was exciting.

I flew to get my revolver. In the hall the women servants ran up and down crying and wringing their hands,

and the Lopez children clung sobbing to their mother's skirts. Out again to the balcony I ran with my revolver and a handkerchief full of cartridges. Now it seemed that whole families were leaving town, for cart after cart rattled by carrying Filipino women and children, with their household things, ducks, chickens, etc. A company of soldiers quartered next door stood in column fully equipped, eager for the order to march, but it didn't come. The excitement gradually subsided. And the cause? Downtown some guard had shot a dog. Immediately the cry was raised, "The insurgents are coming," of course the report spread like wildfire. Stores were shut up in an instant, the timid Chinese merchants disappeared into their shops, and on the street pandemonium reigned. But in half an hour it was over, greatly to the relief of European residents. I didn't get a chance to use my revolver, of course, but I'm glad I have it; there's no telling what may happen now.

There are almost no public vehicles to be had, the drivers having gone to join the insurgents, and this morning two of our servants here left. We see men on the streets talking so earnestly together in little groups—Filipinos, Spanish and Americans. Mr. Lopez is very nervous. "I am well acquainted with these *Indians*," he said, "If they get into the city, they will loot, burn and murder indiscriminately. Ah!" with a shrug, "America will soon find out what she has on her hands. These *monkeys*! They must not be treated with mercy, for your kindness they will only thank you by robbing and murdering you."

Uncle came in last evening in a very sober mood. He calls himself a Filipino, having been born in the Islands, and his sympathies are with the insurgents. "Americans and Filipinos are no longer friends," he said sadly. "We have been deceived." In vain did we try to explain that under American government, his people would have perfect freedom. "We want no nation to rule over us," he replied emphatically, "having just got rid of one, we

do not want another." I fear there's no more fun in Uncle.

Even the children are quiet and sober, feeling rather than understanding that their home may be imperilled by war. Last night Anita was standing by the window gazing out into the darkness. She looked so sorrowful that I asked her, "Que es Anita?" "Boom! boom!" she whispered with trembling lips—and I understood.

We ladies have not ventured out of the house since Friday. We try to be calm and keep our spirits up, but oh, this suspense is almost unbearable at times. If my husband would only come in!

I must close now, there's no telling where I'll be when I write again. Maybe they'll send us women out to the transports, or to Hong Kong, or somewhere else. Good-bye, dear.

Lovingly, BEULAH

OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Cavite, P. I., February 12, 1899

Dear Kathleen: How much! How much has taken place here since my last letter to you! It is hard to realize what has occurred, and the end we cannot know. But war has come at last. All along for several weeks previous to the outbreak, the natives had been doing their utmost to provoke our army to hostilities, and had been thinking us cowards because we would not be provoked. I guess the President wanted to avoid a fight if possible, and the most insistent orders were given to the troops against any aggression.

My husband got away from his regiment Saturday night for the first time in a week. In the evening we celebrated by going to the circus. Such a great relief it was to forget "the situation" for awhile. But along in the latter part of the performance, the people at the door made a great commotion and a soldier rushed in shouting, "The outposts have been attacked! Soldiers, to your quarters!" Immediately a score or more of our soldiers in the audience sprang up and jumping over

seats and benches, made a wild rush for the door. Hermon took me home as fast as our horses could run. We had but a minute to say, "Goodbye," maybe, we thought, for ever. Oh Kathie, it was hard to be brave. The ripping sound of volleys and the clatter of a thousand rifles made the darkness perfectly terrifying. "Keep up courage, Little One," Hermon whispered to me, "you have the hardest part to bear, but be a true soldier." I was so bewildered and frightened I couldn't speak a word. He left me at the door and his carriage sped away. As I entered the house, Anita ran to me crying, "Oh Senora, will they burn our house, and what will become of us?" The rest of the family were awed into silence by those cruel noises outside.

"Mother has not returned yet, Mrs. Williams," said Miss Delia coming in from the balcony. "She went out to the camp with Father this afternoon intending to stay all night, and what do you suppose she will do, for I know our regiment is in the fight." Boom, boom, boom, boom—the ships in the bay had begun their cannonading.

We all gathered in a room downstairs where the high stone walls surrounding the house would protect us from chance bullets, and here we sat for an hour or so, sad and tearful, as we listened to the fury of the rifles and the rolling cannon. Then a soldier came in at about ten o'clock, with the news that Mrs. Clopp was at the home of an English family in the city, and would return to us in the morning. In answer to our eager questions, he told us that the fight had been begun by one of our sentinels at the Santa Mesa bridge, who fired on some Filipinos sneaking up in the darkness. Immediately the whole insurgent army opened fire as though they had been only waiting for the signal. "We were ready for 'em tho' and were hitting them hard," he said.

"The Cap'n told me to take care of Mrs. Clopp, and I tell you she's plucky! We had to run to the rear a quarter of a mile, and every now and then when bullets came crashing through the trees apparently near, we got down behind the ridges until the niggers let up a

bit. We had to feel our way along, it was so dark; and sometimes crawled on our knees. Mrs. Clopp had a loaded revolver and never let on she was a bit scared. I've run all the way here to tell you she's safe. Good-bye, I must get back," and he was gone.

At twelve o'clock the firing had almost ceased and we separated to get what sleep we could, but for hours I lay in bed, trembling, and praying a little, I guess. I must have fallen asleep for a time, but it was not long, for the fusillade began again, savage but intermittent, and kept us awake till morning.

As we sat at breakfast a bullet came phut! over our heads and shattered the mirror in the social room. An hour or so later another struck in the dining room. They were fighting in the city!

In the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Clopp arrived safe and sound, quite shocked by her experience, though she confessed to me afterwards that she was glad she went through it.

All day long some of the soldiers next door kept straggling in, wounded or exhausted by the terrible exertion and heat. We ladies busied ourselves in the kitchen preparing little extras in the way of toast, cool drinks and delicacies for them. A few of the boys we brought into our house, for their quarters contain little comfort for sick men.

By evening the sharpshooters in the city had been silenced and the insurgents outside had been driven back into the country several miles, so we felt safer than we had for weeks, and happy to think that our army had been so victorious.

Hermon had sent me word that he had gotten through all right and would see me as soon as he could. Tuesday, a Captain of our regiment brought his wife over and told me that Hermon had been detailed to special duty at Cavite and that since Cavite was a safer place for a woman than Manila, he had secured quarters there for his wife. He suggested that we make the trip together as neither he nor the Chaplain would be able

to assist us in locating in our new home. You may be sure the news was grateful to me. Hermon's new duties would not be so dangerous and then I could be right with him. The Captain's wife is a very pleasant woman, so that I looked forward with pleasure to her company.

After the Captain had gone, we began to plan about fitting up our new rooms and decided to pack our trunks at once and do our shopping that afternoon, so we could take the five o'clock ferry to Cavite.

I tell you that was a busy day. In the afternoon we found that there were no public vehicles to be had anywhere (they had all disappeared in the melee of the last few days) and how we were to manage with our valises, umbrellas, and purchases was a question. We had to do something, so seeing a quilez passing by and marked "Quarter-master's Dept." we ran out and stopped it. Then while Mrs. Wilkinson talked with the cocher, I climbed in; she followed, and we told the little driver to "Sige! Sige!" (Go on!) But he vehemently pointed to the Q. M. placard and shook his head that he couldn't take us. We only settled ourselves back with "no sabe, no sabe!" however. As he couldn't put us out and we wouldn't understand, he accepted the situation, lighted a cigarette, after offering us each one, and started off as we directed him.

On the Escolta there were few people to be seen excepting Americans and small boys. A few stores were open (luckily) but their goods were covered and the doors ready to be shut at any moment. Soldiers were everywhere, all on duty, guarding coolies and patrolling the streets. They looked sober and even stern. I caught snatches of a conversation between two. They were talking of comrades that had been shot during the last few days, and they were lamenting that they could not be on the "firing line."

Wherever my companion and I went, some sentinel kept a jealous eye on us as though we had been especially intrusted to his care. "It's good to see an American woman," I overheard one boy say as we passed out of

a store. To Chinatown we had to go for furniture and coolies to carry it. Here in most cases the shops were closed, all but a crack through which peered a curious Chinaman or two; at the appearance of a customer, the doors were quickly thrown open. After a good deal of arguing and beating down in price (the rule when buying of Chinamen here), we completed our purchases and loaded twelve coolies with them. What a procession we made as we started for the wharf! Our quilez contained two valises, two umbrellas, a large basket, two brooms, and kitchen utensils, besides ourselves, while in single file behind us trotted the homely, scantily-clad celestials. They carried two beds, two tables, and several chairs, while out of large baskets which were swinging in pairs from their shoulders, all sorts of ungainly things protruded. Trot, trot, trot, chatter, chatter, chatter, they followed along, stopping now and then to rest and wipe their dripping faces.

How we two women managed to get all these things stowed away on the ferry and to pay off the dozen greedy, jabbering Chinamen, I cannot now imagine, but we did it and were immensely relieved to be able to settle ourselves for the two hours ride across the bay. We reached Cavite in safety, quite refreshed by the delightful breezes and cheered by the wonderful sunset colors in the sky and sea. The Chaplain was at the wharf to meet us and to welcome us to this charming little town where we are now cosily settled somewhat removed from the chief seat of war. The Chaplain fussed a good deal at first about having to leave his regiment and "miss it all," but I'm glad of it. Men are such bloodthirsty creatures!

Mrs. Wilkinson, Hermon and I have four rooms upstairs in an immense rambling old house, which with its court and garden is surrounded by a high moss-covered wall. My rooms open out onto a stone balcony, shaded by the vine of the fragrant passion flower. From this balcony a flight of stone steps leads down into the garden, evidently at one time quite luxuriant and well kept.

The morning after we took possession of our new quarters, Mrs. Wilkinson and I undertook to explore this old garden. We found walks and flower beds marked out by wine bottles buried to their necks in the earth. Orange and frangipani trees filled the air with fragrance and the latter carpeted the ground with its white blossoms. Out of this garden we passed through a heavy gate into another; here lilies, jasmine, oleander and many varieties of gay colored shrubs and flowers blossomed in tangled confusion. This mass of flowers, the back of the old stone house and the surrounding wall overgrown with moss and vines, made a romantic picture. An old native woman, who had come in to get some water, and two American soldiers in their brown trousers and blue shirts, sitting up on the wall, added interest to the scene.

Just outside the walls of Cavite there is a native town called San Roque, and the insurgents occupied it in force till last Wednesday, but they had to leave then. They were so near to us and had been threatening the Navy Yard so much that Admiral Dewey ordered them to fly the white flag before nine o'clock Wednesday morning or he would shell the town. The flag was flying before the appointed hour, but flames and smoke were rushing up from a score of different places. The natives had abandoned the town and were now burning it. Two battalions and a battery from here were ordered over the causeway to occupy the town and save it from complete destruction. Nothing would do but that the Chaplain must join one of these commands, in spite of my protests that he had no business there; but they were all expecting a fight under cover of the flames, and there is no reasoning with a man with such prospects.

Mrs. Wilkinson and I resolved also to see what we could of operations, so we climbed up into the tower of the old church. Such a time as we had getting there! Up the convent stairs connected with the church, through some of our soldiers' quarters, walking along high narrow ledges, climbing rickety ladders—at last we

struggled to the highest windows of the bell tower and sat on its wide stone sill. Oh, what a magnificent view we had of the bay, the ships of our fleet, Manila in the distance and little San Roque at our feet! There the greedy flames were consuming house after house with an exultant roar. We could see the bamboo frameworks totter and fall. Pop, pop, pop, the wood crackled in the fire—it sounded for all the world like rifle reports. A skirmish line of blue and brown was sweeping through the town. Steadily it moved along, pausing only a moment now and then to reconnoiter, and then pursuing to overtake if possible the fleeing insurgents. The natives had too much of a start, however, though five or six were killed, Hermon said. We saw our soldiers halt about four miles out where the sea came up on either side; and there they are now entrenched, waiting for some movement of the Filipinos just beyond. Oh Kathleen, there's something grandly exciting in it all!

Captain Wilkinson came over from Manila for a visit last night and he and the Chaplain had a great time telling their experiences. The captain says our company is now comfortably settled in a cluster of deserted huts, a wee village, that happens to be in the line of occupation, and they say that our army is waiting for reinforcements. Hermon doesn't think the natives will make another attack for a long time, but when they do, the troops are equal to it. I am anxious to go over and visit our camp, but my husband says, "Not now."

This morning our husbands went out to Fort Rice, our outpost beyond San Roque, so Mrs. Wilkinson and I walked part way with them. We wanted to see what was left of the little town. Only a few houses were standing, and there was the skeleton of a large church. Crucifixes and images of saints carved in wood lay scattered about. Apart from the church was the rude frame of the bell tower containing five large bells, all out of repair but uninjured by the fire. A piano stood in the yard of a half-burned house. Beds, chairs, furniture and clothing were scattered along the streets. The on-

ly creatures about, aside from a few soldiers, were occasional Chinamen poking around among the ruins and a great number of lean, hungry, frightened dogs. After our husbands had gone on, a soldier showed us through a house he was guarding, one of the better class residences. It had been saved intact. On the first floor were heaps of beautiful clothes, elaborate petticoats, embroidered camisas and silk skirts. Upstairs the rooms were well furnished. I noticed several pretty candlesticks, two curious clocks, an elegant mirror and some very handsome chairs and tables. In the yard the guards had just discovered a box full of dishes which the owners of this house had taken time to bury before their hurried flight. I brought away with me a doll ingeniously carved of wood and painted. She is a Mestizo lady, and indeed she looks like one, with her olive complexion, black glossy hair and earrings. I don't see how all these people got away so quickly with their babies, their sick and even the chickens. Poor things, I feel sorry for them, and for the Chinese too, who were harried and burned out at will by the Filipinos. They seem to take it quite philosophically, however. I'm glad our government is good to them.

Oh Kathleen, I have something funny to tell you, I almost forgot. Several days ago we heard the greatest banging and rattling overhead in our garret and couldn't imagine what it was. Then a morning or two after, I heard queer noises in the front room and peeped through a crack in the door to see. There on my table sat a *monkey*! He did look so comical with his head on one side, from all appearances studying the picture in an open magazine before him. Another was pawing around in my work basket. I laughed out loud, and quick as a flash they disappeared—one by the balcony, the other out the window, where he swung himself up to the roof. Since then the creatures have been very saucy, and for some reason have taken a marked dislike to Mrs. Wilkinson. They seat themselves in the attic at a hole in her ceiling, look down at her and scold away at a great

rate, and even go so far sometimes as to drop dirt, stones, and tin cans down into her room. One morning a can of condensed milk, which I had opened for tea, mysteriously disappeared. I never thought of our mischievous neighbors, but that afternoon Hermon called me from the balcony and when I came to him, he pointed to the eaves. There was one of those monkeys walking carefully along and carrying in one arm the lost can of milk. His long whiskers, all covered with the white, sticky stuff, showed that he had been eating it. The scamp!

Well, I must close for the day; Mrs. Wilkinson is calling me to go to dinner.

Adios, BEULAH

NATIVE FILIPINO HOMES

Sunday the 19th: Yesterday we spent the whole day at our company's camp, and I must tell you all about it, for I know you'll be interested. Captain Wilkinson came over Friday night, and the next morning the four of us took the ferry for Manila and on landing secured carriages. Out beyond the city the drive was beautiful under tall swaying bamboos and wide-spreading mango trees. The highway and fields were so quiet, not even a bird could be seen or heard. Now and again we passed a picket post along the road. After two miles were gone by, we began to hear the talk and laughter of soldiers, the click of rifles being cleaned, and the rattle of the cook's pans, and soon we were with our regiment. How they gazed at us as we drove up, and I forgave them when I remembered what I had overheard the soldier say on the Escolta.

The Chaplain had some of the men bring a settee and place it under a big tree, and there we sat and enjoyed the shade and the sea breeze and the odd appearance of the boys. It had been some time since they had had an issue of clothing, and then many of them had let their beards grow. Several whom I knew came up and chatted awhile, and then Hermon took me around to see

some of the quarters. I suspect our friends in the regular army would have been quite shocked to have seen us, two women going about the camp so informally. The social lines are not so closely drawn among the volunteers, and I did enjoy peeping in on the boys, in the little homes they had fixed for themselves. There were nipa huts enough to shelter the whole company and some of the fellows had furnished their rooms quite luxuriously.

I must tell you what the native house is like, Kathleen. The frame work is of bamboo poles, the walls are made of strips of bamboo and leaves of the nipa palm ingeniously tied and woven together, and the roof is thatched with palm leaves. The house is set up about five feet from the ground, thus leaving a place underneath for the native to keep his farm implements and "truck" and to shelter the chickens when it rains. You enter the house by a bamboo ladder and find the floors made of bamboo slats which allow the air to pass freely between them. Windows and doors are large openings with thatched shutters swung from the top. These are propped up in the day time and let down at night. The beds, only the richer class have them, are four-posters arranged for mosquito bar, and having a cane bottom. A mat, a sheet and a hard cotton pillow are all the bedding the native uses (and he usually dispenses with the sheet).

Sergeant King has a nice large room in a shack, together with three other Sergeants. When we walked up to the "front door" we saw him busily writing at his desk, looking especially handsome in a fine new black mustache. "Come and take dinner with us, King!" Hermon called, and we three strolled out to the company kitchen for a real camp dinner. The kitchen is a bamboo roof set up on four poles, and is presided over by our old darkey friend Uncle Billie Hicks. His black face beamed when he saw us, "Why good mo'nin, Miss! Shake han's! Yes, I'se been perspectin' yuh! I'se got de chicken, run 'im down in these yeah woods. I don'

know if he's fricasseed very stylish, but you-all come into de dinin' room an' sit down in my uphols'ud chaihahs. He, he, he!" We thanked him and sat down at an improvised table on real chairs taken from the abandoned homes of the natives. "Yo'll please to 'scuse me," said Uncle Billy, as he hustled about, "jes a second while I wait on de boys. Company D, come to dinnah!" he called, and with a yell and a rattle of tin cups, the boys formed in line and filed past to have their plates and cups filled. "Which'll you have, boys, lemin pie or cocnut pie? Only got two kinds. Lemin? All right sah, heah it is, he, he, he!" and he put a great chunk of bread on the plate held out to him. Soon he served us, and how good everything tasted!—chicken, beans, soup, bread and delicious coffee. I ate like a soldier, I guess, for the morning air had given me a ravenous appetite. We praised Uncle Billy's cooking as we were leaving, and he seemed so pleased and said, "Pshaw, Miss! You'se foolin' aint yuh? Well, de boys likes de stuff, I guess. Good day! Come again."

After this, we visited the outposts, walking along the trenches. The boys were collected in little groups here and there, some writing letters, others playing cards, and still others stretched out in some shady nook sound asleep. The sun is pretty hot at that time of day, but in the shade one can be very comfortable.

As we were walking out along the line of picket posts a way beyond our camp, we saw in one place a group of men gathered around a carabao cart whereon was a keg which seemed to be a great center of attraction. A hole had been bored in one end and a refreshing stream of beer was gushing forth into the soldiers' tin cups. Hermon told me that one of the Milwaukee firms had given a keg of beer to each company that had been on the firing line February 5th.

We stopped awhile to rest under a big mango tree back of the trenches and the Chaplain went down the line to the Colonel's quarters, leaving Lawrence to keep me company till he should return.

Mail leaves for the States today, so I must close now.
Your very loving BEULAH

HOUSEKEEPING AND MARKETING

38 Calle San Miguel, Manila, P. I.,
Tuesday, June 27, 1899.

Dear Kathleen: Your letter which came yesterday finds me back in Manila again. I think, however, I wrote about a month ago that Hermon had been transferred to his regiment in San Fernando, and that Mrs. Wilkinson and I intended getting a house in Manila. We moved over a day or so after that, and in a short time were comfortably settled here. We are living in five large upstairs rooms on a street near the Luneta. The whole west side of the house can be thrown open to a magnificent outlook of the harbor with its shipping, also Cavite; and our neighbor, a German-Spaniard, is playing "Th Moonlight Sonata." I am almost tempted to stop writing and drink it all in.

We have learned by this time to manage the house-keeping quite comfortably, or perhaps I should say we have learned to leave things severely alone and trust ourselves to the mercies of Wun Lung, the cook, muchacho (boy), and cochero (coachman). At first we had it arranged that Mrs. Wilkinson should oversee the cooking and I the buying. One trial apiece was about enough, I guess. My experience in marketing was not very delightful. I started out quite independently one morning and directed Cochero to take me to the Filipino market. We stopped before a square filled with little huts and swarming with natives, Chinamen, and dogs. Nothing daunted, I pushed my way into the buzzing, chattering throng and found myself among lines of little stands and booths kept by native men and women (and their families), where were displayed fish, fruit, vegetables, chickens, in more or less confusion. Everybody stopped and stared to see a white woman doing her own buying and crowded around whenever I made a purchase. I bought some eggs and they handed them out

to me one by one, so I had to buy the tray to carry them in. A bunch of lettuce, a fish, some live shrimps (several got away) and some fruit were all handed over without wrapping and I had to carry them as best I could. Then dear, dear, as I was hurrying through the crowd with my stuff, it started to rain! A kind shopkeeper invited me to step into her hut, which I gratefully did. She was getting dinner for the family, cooking some queer looking meat over coals in a little earthenware stove. She entertained me, however, while the shower lasted by asking questions about America, and proudly showing off her youngest "pickaninny."

I tell you I was glad to hand my purchases over to Cochero, but fancy I saw him hide a smile as he took them. I have not been near a market since.

Mrs. Wilkinson had her trials too and I want to tell you a joke on her. A native woman brought a live chicken and two dozen eggs to the house to sell. Mrs. W., thinking to get fresh eggs and to surprise me with a fine bargain in the hen, bought both. The eggs turned out all bad and the hen died a little while after the woman left. Wun Lung is sole manager of the cuisine now. He goes home every night and comes at nine in the morning, bringing with him provisions for the day.

We had such a time with ants when we first moved into the house. They came in great armies—big black creatures, middle-sized yellow ones and little red ones, marching up the table legs in the dining room and kitchen and even molesting us in our beds. Such persistent creatures they are! We put the legs of the tables in water, but they bridged the water with some of their dead ones and continued their march. We were nearly desperate when Wun Lung came and ordered Muchacho to wipe the floors with kerosene every morning, and lo! our ants were gone.

The rainy season is gradually coming on. We have a little shower every day, and the bugs and frogs are thriving. In the evening, hordes of insects come in at the windows, attracted by the light. One night they

were delicate creatures with long white wings; another time they were tiny black bugs. They swarm around the lamp and through the rooms, but after awhile disappear. Then, over in the garden nearby there is a tree where fireflies collect by the thousands. The flashing of their tiny lights in and out among the leaves and branches make the prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw.

Last night the frogs held high carnival over in a marsh not far from here. It was all so still out of doors till suddenly, as if at a signal, they broke out into a hoarse chorus, which increased to such a roar that we had to raise our voices to be heard in speaking.

Roaches are with us all the time; there's one right now running across the floor, making almost as much noise as a mouse. He stops now and then, cocks his head, moves his long feelers about, blinks his bright eyes and then trots on. I don't like them; they eat holes in my best petticoats. But we are fond of the shy little lizards that run up and down the sides of the house and along the window sills, especially one little beady-eyed fellow who comes every day and watches me from behind the blind as I sew or write.

Our street is broad, and is one of the principal ones leading to the Escolta; so it is always interesting to sit before the window and watch the passersby. Yesterday I jotted down a few sights. A native boy came sauntering along with a loaf of bread, without any wrapper, under his arm. He was probably filling an order for the "American Bakery" which a Chinaman from Chicago has recently opened.

Six or eight young girls passed, bringing eggs, chickens and vegetables to market, carrying them in trays on their heads. They chatted and laughed merrily as they trotted along keeping time with the march which one of their number was playing on a mouth organ.

What looked like a bed with four pairs of human legs came walking down the street. As it drew nearer, I saw that the bare legs belonged to four Chinese coolies.

Then terrific squeals called my attention to a pig traveling to market; with feet tied together, it was being jolted along on a pole between two natives. The poor thing was having a terribly rough ride. The women are more merciful, for they carry the animals in crates on their heads.

Across the street, in the shade of a bamboo tree, a number of native women come every day bringing trays of fruit, cigars and cigarettes. These they exchange with the soldiers for cans of salmon, hard-bread, bacon, etc. Lately they have been bringing corn and roasting it over a charcoal fire; it smells good, too. What with the chattering of these women, the bantering of the soldiers, and the laughter of the little native boys next door, who always seem to be playing at pitching pennies, we ought not to get very lonesome.

There are a good many Chinese peddlers in Manila and they are so funny. Almost every day one calls on us. He comes walking upstairs and into the hall with a nod and a cheerful "Hello Goo' morning!" Then he sets down his pack, which is carried on a pole over his shoulder, opens it and displays his wares, chiefly white cotton dress goods. "Tee dollah hop, chip" (three dollars and a half, cheap). He is likely to ask it for most any piece, but he can be persuaded to give it to you for "wan dollah." I usually chat a little while with them, so I guess they like to come here. The other morning I heard a great chattering on the street below, and looking out, saw at least a dozen of the comical fellows. When they saw me, they all began to call "Hello, Goo' morning!" They started to open their packs and held up their goods for inspection, jabbering out the prices in a most ferocious competition. This was supposed to be a joke on me for they all began to laugh heartily, tied up their bundles and went on their way, calling out "Adios, Goo'bye!"

The busiest people over here seem to be the Chinamen. Most of them are coolies, but there are some

wealthy merchants, and the Chinese-Filipino Mestizos are quite a good class of people.

We have a large back yard and our next door neighbors, a high-class Filipino family, have taken advantage of it. Soon after we moved into the house, Senor Santiago called and asked permission to graze his carabaos in our yard. We granted it, and every morning now the two great meek-eyed creatures meander over. On the broad back of each sits a Filipino boy. About all we can see of the little fellows are their bare brown legs sticking out almost straight from the sides of the animal, from under their big nipa hats. In return for this favor, Senor Santiago invited us to call some Sunday and his daughters would entertain us with music. Last week we took advantage of the invitation and went over.

As we entered the house through the basement, a dozen or more servants and their families greeted us with nods and smiles; they live in the front rooms on the ground floor, while in the back yard we could see and hear pigs, chickens, six or seven horses, carabaos and dogs. The stairway opened into a large hall or social room upstairs, and here our host and hostess with their son and four pretty daughters received us with formal cordiality. This room and the next one opening from it were most scantily furnished. The first contained a piano, about a dozen chairs and a handsome clock furnished with chimes. In the second room were a table and a large mirror. Santiago and his son wore the conventional European dress, but the women wore their native costumes.

The young man spoke very good English, so he acted as interpreter. The daughters of the family proved to be very talented, and entertained us for an hour or more playing and singing, both showing careful training. Afterwards the refreshments were served, beer for the American ladies and cigarettes for the Filipinos. Mrs. Wilkinson and I didn't care for the beer, but our dusky sisters enjoyed their cigarettes.

The rooms gradually filled, as evening drew on, with

the little folks of the family and visitors. The small three-year-old grandson of our host was about the cutest bit of humanity I ever saw. He was dressed from top to toe in a fac-simile American officer's uniform, and he was the proud possessor of a brand new gold watch and chain. The little fellow was passed around the company and kissed and caressed by us all.

One of the callers particularly interested me, for she was a school teacher and quite intelligent for a Filipino *woman*. Twenty years she has been teaching in the public schools with a salary of five dollars a month. Think of it, Kathleen! Since the American government has taken charge of the schools, however, her salary has been raised. She sang a solo from *Il Trovatore* for us, and she has a magnificent voice.

A homely old Chinaman stalked solemnly into the room, his full trousers and coat of silk swishing about him, and took a seat beside Senor Santiago, and I really believe that during the time we were there the old fellow never moved a muscle or changed his expression one iota. He was a well-to-do merchant and had commercial relations with our host.

They showed us the photo albums and here we found pictures of Aguinaldo and many of his officers. In answer to our questions as to his feeling about the insurrection, Senor told us with a sigh that he feared his people would have to give up their ambition to rule their own country, though for many years they had dreamed of political independence, and he hoped peace would soon come. I think most of the better-class Filipinos of Manila feel as Santiago expressed himself. Would that they all did.

When we took our leave, the family gathered about us, and the young son told us for them all that they had enjoyed our visit and wished us to come again. Then he and Senor Santiago escorted us to our own door.

I must close for tonight, dear. I get real lonesome

sometimes, Hermon being with the regiment most of the time, but it won't be long now.

Lovingly, BEULAH

CALLS MADE UNDER HANDICAPS

July 6: Rain, rain, rain! We certainly have had a siege of it. Water just pours out of the skies. It pounds on our tin roof till we can scarcely "hear ourselves think." The natives don't seem to mind getting a wetting, but they don't like to have it come down on their heads. Those that are without hats bind their foreheads with a cotton cloth, or wrap their head in some old shawl, or if they have nothing better, a big banana leaf serves for protection.

The Chinaman wears a raincoat woven of brown fibers, banana, I think. It has a short skirt and a cape that spreads out like wings. As he trots down the street with his bare arms and legs sticking out of this garment, he looks for all the world like a big bat.

Our cocheró has a nice big overcoat which he bought from a soldier, and it's too amusing to see with what complacent satisfaction he sits on his box in the pouring rain and looks at his shivering neighbors.

Well, the rain began in earnest Wednesday of last week and poured without ceasing for three successive days. Saturday morning we found ourselves in the midst of a lake; the water was two feet deep at our very door. How the carabaos and small boys delighted in the flood! The former contentedly soaked themselves and the boys waded and swam in great glee, or paddled about in boats or rafts. One little fellow who lives next door, wobbled around on his mother's wash tub, a big flat tray. He got a ducking every now and then, but his spirits were dampened never a bit.

Mrs. Wilkinson and I got pretty tired staying in the house, so we made up our minds to get out somehow. We watched our chance and hailed four boys with a canoe. They paddled over to the house and in at the

door to the lower stairs. We climbed in, and one at a time were safely conveyed to the carriage.

Our callers Sunday were not so fortunate, and two or three had to be satisfied with a chat from the window, but Captain Adams, that artillery officer whom I have mentioned before, found a way. He got a good-sized native to agree to carry him on his back. Well, you should have seen the pair! The captain is real stout, you know, and with his feet sticking out, he hugged that Filipino desperately, and the native splashed along staggering and grunting. I was awfully afraid he'd drop the captain, but he didn't.

The day before the Fourth of July was pleasant, and we found ourselves on dry land again. Hermon and Captain Wilkinson had written us that the first nice day we might visit them, so that day we planned to go. As luck would have it, one of the ponies was sick and we had to depend on a chance rig to take us to the station, and such a time we had getting there!

It being quite early, few public vehicles were passing, so we had to take what we could get. It proved to be a most disreputable turnout, a rattling quilez with ragged curtains flapping, and a bony white horse whose best gait was a jerky lope. Worst of all, Mrs. Wilkinson had to stop at military headquarters on an errand. Now the Palace is the swellest place in Manila, so we stationed our equipage around the corner out of sight and walked as unconcernedly as you please through the entry of the Palace up the broad steps, past the fierce looking lions on the landing and into the Quartermaster's office, where Mrs. Wilkinson transacted her business. When we returned to the street, to our supreme disgust, there was our driver sitting peacefully in his disreputable quilez directly in front of the doorway. He jumped down when he saw us, opened the rickety door and in we climbed (in full view of every officer in the Palace, I felt). Then cocheró whipped up his steed, but never a muscle would the creature move. Out jumped the little man and began to coax the animal, who now

began to back. A guard came to the rescue and pushed quilez, pony and all, right along. At this, the pony lifted his ears in surprise and suddenly plunged into a tremendous lope, with the little cocherro hopping along, clinging to the shaft, trying to get to his seat. I managed finally, before we ran into anybody, to conquer my shrieks of laughter and to snatch the lines, slowing up the horse till the cocherro could regain his seat. Mrs. Wilkinson was pretty well frightened, I guess, at least she was very white and didn't seem to be at ease till we had stepped out of the quilez at the station.

We found the train quite full of men and many of the soldiers were perched on the tops of the cars. The first class coach which we entered was furnished with comfortable seats and large windows, so our trip to San Fernando was pleasant.

I could hardly realize as we rumbled along that we were passing through battlefields of a few weeks past; the vegetation so quickly covers all traces of war and makes everything look so peaceful. It is planting time and the farmers are at work. In their short trousers and big hats, they were plowing the mud and waters with their slow carabaos, or puddling their rice plots. Women were working too, and they made a pretty picture in their gay colored skirts as they cut the long grass, bound it into little bundles and carried it away on their heads, ready for sale in the Manila markets.

Detachments of soldiers were stationed here and there all along the seventy miles of railroad—sometimes a single company, then a whole batallion. At every camp, the arrival of our train was welcomed with eager interest, for we brought the daily supply of water and provisions and a batch of mail from the states.

At the towns a swarm of clamoring Filipinos greeted us. They pushed their basket trays into the windows and asked us to buy fruit, bread, cakes, fried chicken (that really looked good, cut up all ready to eat), milk, popcorn, etc. By the time the train pulled out, most of the trays were empty. Soldiers are great fellows to buy

anything they can eat and to eat anything they can buy.

We saw those wonderful Filipino intrenchments I had heard so much about, and the pitfalls which the insurgents had intended for our troops—deep holes in the ground filled with sharp bamboo stakes and lightly covered with grass.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at San Fernando where Hermon and the Captain met us and took us to company quarters. Uncle Billy had dinner all ready, and grinning broadly when we came in, said he was "Monstus glad to see us. Got a supah fine dinnah 'spressly for you ladies, an' dis coffee am puffickly scrumptious." He bustled about putting things on the table, and oh, how good army coffee tastes!

After dinner, our husbands took us around San Fernando, which is quite an extensive Filipino city. They showed us where the regiment had charged through the river, and where Aguinaldo's congress had assembled when the insurgent capital was there.

I didn't see many of the boys I know, but Lieutenant Lawrence called at the quarters. I was surprised to see him looking so thin and hollow eyed. He says the climate doesn't agree with him, but Hermon says he keeps too hard at work all the time about his company, and the men in the hospital. We did not have any opportunity to talk, and I am sorry too. Hermon and Captain Wilkinson came back to Manila with us that afternoon to spend the Fourth of July—the first American Fourth of July celebrated in the Philippines!

The morning was pleasant and the four of us started out with ponies and carriage gaily decorated to "take in" the town. The Escolta was quite gay with the flags of many nations, bands were playing, fire-crackers popping. Of course, we had to visit Manila's "Ice Cream Parlor"—recently established—ice cream made of condensed milk and eggs, and highly flavored. It wasn't a bit good, but it was appropriate at least. We called on some friends, took a few pictures, and then drove home to tiffin. The afternoon was spent at a reception

on the flagship "Baltimore." A steam launch came to the wharf for the little group of guests waiting there and carried them bounding back through the waves to the ship.

The vessel was gaily dressed aloft with flags and banners, and oh! how clean everything was. You could see your reflection in the guns, and the floors were so spotless one almost hated to walk on them. Admiral Watson and several ship's officers received the guests as they came aboard, and those who desired were shown over the vessel. Soon after we arrived, the band struck up a waltz and we danced. Oh, Kathleen, it's glorious to dance on a warship, to glide over the smooth deck past the big guns, with the sea all around and the sky overhead. I met lots of nice navy officers.

Delicious refreshments were served below, and this time we had real ice cream. We just had an elegant time and stayed as long as we dared. From the wharf we drove to the Luneta and met a stream of people coming from the afternoon program. There had been band music, speeches, and patriotic songs by the native school children, each of whom was carrying away with him a little American flag.

The Luneta was gay with equipages and people. Natives in holiday costume, Chinamen in their silks, Spanish, American civilians and soldiers galore. As twilight came on, we stopped our carriages on the beach and listened to the deep anthem of the ocean as it blended with the strains of the band's serenade.

My husband had to go back yesterday morning, and how I hated to have him go! Won't I be glad when we will be together for a whole month on the way home! Dinner is ready—Adios!

July 10: The Zealandia sails today with mail for home. I must add a word to my long letter. Before this, you have known of Lawrence King's death. Captain Wilkinson sent the cablegram to his parents. Nothing before has made me really feel that this is war. I cannot realize that he is dead and we will go home with-

out him. . . . He had charge of a scouting party. Early Sunday morning they had been ordered to locate a force of insurgents. Either they had advanced too far through the morning mists or the natives had prepared an attack at the same time, for they were suddenly engaged by an extended force of the enemy. Lawrence ordered his men to fall back little by little, carrying two of their number with them, who were wounded. Just as relief came up, Lawrence himself was shot through the lungs and died a few minutes afterward. They say he turned to the men who were trying to bind up his wounds and said just before he died, "It's all right, boys, tell the folks at home, it's all right." They brought him down to Manila yesterday and buried him.

I can't write any more. It's hard to feel with Lawrence's dying words that "it's all right." Goodbye, dear.

Lovingly, BEULAH

Marquette's Priesthood

As a sidelight of the touching of Iowa in the early exploration of the Mississippi valley by Jacques Marquette with Julien Dubuque, an interesting contribution of more than passing interest has been made that should be known by Iowans.

Question has been raised in former times about Marquette's status as a priest. Ernest J. Burrus has contributed to the October number of the *Catholic Historical Review* an informative examination of "Father Jacques Marquette, S.J.: His Priesthood in the Light of Jesuit Roman Archives."

The author explains the nature of records in the archives at Rome that touch on Marquette's activities and presents evidence to show that he was ordained in France on March 7, 1666. "In light of the abundant and unanimous testimony of official records," Mr. Burrus concludes, "the priesthood of Father Jacques Marquette cannot reasonably be called into question."

Horticulture in Iowa History

From Lieut. Gov. B. F. Gue Manuscripts

These paragraphs collected by former Lieut. Gov. Benj. F. Gue were designated in his record as "Genesis Notes on Horticulture in Iowa History." They are well worth preserving for convenience of future researchers covering the subject.

N. Gambs began his orchard work at Smithland in 1867.

Mr. Everts of Onawa had an eighty acre orchard in the 1860's.

J. W. Ten Brock began the growing of sweet potatoes at Rock Island in 1846.

The Meek brothers planted orchards on the river bottom at Bonaparte in 1841-42.

J. A. Heisler of Mapleton began timber planting in 1868 and planted 60 acres.

Orchard planting in the Cedar Valley began as far north as Floyd county about 1855.

J. C. Wyatt of Orange City picked the first apples grown in Sioux county in 1883.

The first Osage hedge in Iowa was planted by Col. Brackett in Lee county in 1848.

Old Judge Oliver of Omaha was a pioneer in tree and orchard planting at that point.

The orchard of W. Allen of Sac City bore a thousand bushels of apples as early as 1882.

Thos. Purdon planted an orchard in Van Buren county, Iowa. Some trees survived down to 1885.

Col. Geo. Davenport was raising an abundance of peaches and grapes on Rock Island as early as 1836.

In 1846 an extreme drouth prevailed. In northeast Iowa not a drop of rain fell from April to November.

Col. E. R. Shankland planted a large orchard in Dubuque county in the 1830's. Some of the trees still survive.

Suel Foster of Muscatine introduced the hardy *Catalpa* in the 1850's and it had quite a rage for twenty years.

J. A. Dean was one of the horticultural experimenters at Storm Lake beginning his work there in 1872.

The Kaump apple was brought to Iowa by Chas. Waters now of Oregon, who started a nursery in Odebolt in 1875.

John W. Porter, one of our early nurserymen who gave special attention to evergreens, began work about 1860.

The late Geo. W. Shaw of Decatur county, who made a signal success of orcharding, planted his first trees in 1860.

John N. Dixon's famous orchard of twelve thousand trees was planted in Mahaska county in 1868, and Dixon died in 1882.

The famous old Des Moines county pear tree was planted by Rev. Daniel Cartwright in 1838. It was still alive at last report.

Senator J. H. Gear says that he remembers seeing the first load of Iowa grown fruit displayed on the streets of Burlington.

In 1878 the American Pomological society met at Rochester; Iowa showed 300 varieties of apples and captured first prize—a big silver medal.

Geo. H. Wright was the first Sioux City nursery man and he planted a cherry orchard, a thousand Early Richmonds in 1875.

Ira Brashears who came to Sanborn in the early 1870's made some large experiments in forestry and fruit growing in O'Brien county.

Robert Avery, pioneer nurseryman and orchardist of Burlington, died in 1879 at a good old age. He was an Iowa leader in the business.

The Cap. Bacon orchard in Harrison county is one of the noted in Iowa. It is on a very high ridge, is 30 years old and has been very successful.

Judge Whiting of Monona county planted 300 thousand

black walnut trees forty years ago. The present value of that timber is simply enormous.

M. A. Moore of LeMars made the first heavy venture in evergreen planting in his section in 1881. He planted twelve hundred trees of eight different sorts.

C. A. Mosier of Des Moines used to tell how in 1867 he shot in the wing a yellow pelican in Storm Lake. As he tried to capture it, the bird seized his arm.

Dr. Weed, the Muscatine pioneer, came to Iowa in 1839 and began the nursery business at once and in four years he was growing 300 varieties of apples, 150 of pears and 90 of peaches.

A French trader, Louis Tesson, located in what is now Lee county in 1799. He brought seedling apple trees from St. Charles, Mo., probably the first ever planted in the state.

Enoch Meade came to Davenport in the fall of 1838. His first orchard was planted in 1840, with trees from Indiana. When eighty years old, he said if he could live his life over, he would devote it to horticultural work.

The first permanent settlement of Dubuque was made in 1833, and a bearing apple was found in what is now Moslem township. The size of the tree growing among white oaks would indicate an age of 30 to 40 years. This would bring the planting of the tree back to 1800, the time of Julien Dubuque. This tree stood until 1888 when a tornado broke it off six feet from the ground.

Manliness and Mettle in Saving

Savings represent much more than mere money value. They are the proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can waste; any fool can muddle; but it takes something more of a man to save and the more he saves the more of a man he makes of himself. Waste and extravagance unsettle a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self-restraint, steadies it.—Rudyard Kipling.



Curator Cook Receiving Portrait of Senator McFarlane



Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Kent, artist, Sen. McFarlane, Judge Davidson

Iowa Honors McFarlane's Long Legislative Service

By WALTER H. BEAM

Upon the walls of the spacious galleries of the State Historical building at Des Moines, are displayed portraits in oil of countless Iowa men and women of distinction. Here are the great and the renown of Hawk-eyedom—statesmen, soldiers, admirals, clergymen, authors, sages, scientists and Iowans of attainment in wide fields of action in the state and nation.

And now, to these has been added another worthy of honor—the Dean of the Iowa legislature—a man who has served Iowa with marked ability almost continually in that body over a period of 42 years, and during the time, since 1915 to the present, still a senator, has been either a member of the house or the senate or lieutenant governor, presiding over two senates in the last mentioned capacity, and also as speaker over two houses. At one session he served as presiding officer of the senate and a member of the house the same day.

Under the sponsorship of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association of Iowa, the wide circle of friends of Senator Arch W. McFarlane of Waterloo, whose service as lieutenant governor was from 1929 to 1933, gathered in the house chamber of the capitol April 17, and presented to the State Department of History and Archives a splendid life-sized oil portrait of the senator, painted by Mrs. James Kent of Iowa City.

Judge Harold E. Davidson of Clarinda, vice-president of the Pioneer Lawmakers, called the meeting to order and presented B. F. Swisher of Waterloo, 52 years a lawyer there, to preside during the ceremonies. He introduced Mrs. Kent, the painter of the portrait.

First upon the formal program was Capt. H. T. Wagner, Black Hawk county sheriff for 36 years, who told of the many elections in Black Hawk county in which

his friend and he often had campaigned together; and commented upon the senator's high character and integrity, his standing as a citizen and businessman and the delight of citizens of the county in McFarlane's availability and ability as a legislator. In part Mr. Wagner, the dean of Iowa sheriffs, said:

An opportunity to pay tribute to one whose friendship is of fifty years standing, is truly something for which to be thankful. The limited time assigned me today is far too short to say all the things I would like to, or that could be said in extolling his virtues. Arch's achievements as a legislator are a matter of record, but there are some details that only research will reveal.

THE DISTINGUISHED RECORD

He is the only person who has presided twice over both house and senate and served as member of each.

He has served more sessions than any other person—a total of twenty-three regular and special sessions.

He is the only person who ever presided over the house in two regular and one special session.

He is the only person who served in both the house and senate the same day.

He is the only person who ever has served as speaker pro tem, speaker and majority floor leader of the House of Representatives.

He is on record as shown in the house and senate journals more times than any other person, living or dead.

In his own home town, he is known by all to be a product of a fine Christian home, which is reflected in his daily life, his business and in the halls of our legislature. By reason of his honesty, integrity and courage to defend his convictions, he commands respect by all who know him.

His loyalty to his country, his service to his church and the affection for his wife, Elsie, are without parallel.

In making an appraisal of an individual, I look for the things done while not under observation, but with unquestioned sincerity of purpose and also without publicity. The true nature of such an individual will assert itself when administering kindness to those in distress, and without solicitation, providing the necessities of life for the unfortunate and making comfortable the home that has been chilled by winter's blasts. In these things I know he has found much satisfaction. I know about them not from him, but from the many recipients of his generosity.

Another trait rightly ascribed to him, is an affable and friendly manner; the kind that radiates sunshine and makes every-

one at ease when in his presence and one who is missed when he departs. It is men like Arch who inspire confidence of the people, and to whom they look for counsel and honest government. It is men like him whose record will be history in the annals of Iowa as an example and a pattern for posterity. We, of Black Hawk county, are proud of him as a citizen, a legislator and statesman, and can subscribe to all the fine things that will be said of him on this occasion.

TRIBUTE FROM FORMER OFFICIAL

Warren Wells of Council Bluffs, former legislator and former chairman of the State Tax commission was next introduced and termed the occasion an "extraordinary ceremony of congratulation on a remarkable record." He said in part:

On this day, you are engaged in the conduct of an extraordinary ceremony, the purpose of which is to celebrate the legislative accomplishments of one of your own members, the Hon. Arch W. McFarlane, whose record of legislative service stands unsurpassed in both duration and in quality.

Many of us who sit here with Arch in his hour of acclaim have actually witnessed the building of his unparalleled legislative career—all Iowa is of one voice and one mind in tendering meaningful congratulations to the splendid gentleman in whose honor we are met. The account of his attainments as set out in the historical annals of Iowa has now become permanent record so that posterity may continue to pay homage to a truly great legislator.

What qualities do I, as an average man, look for in my legislator? I want my legislator to be alert, studious and personable; I want him to be a student of legislative procedure, untiringly industrious and a good listener. These qualities, if possessed in good measure, will draw and will command the attention of his fellow legislators; will enhance their estimate of his competency; and will promote his effectiveness in the serious business of law-making. These qualities are desirable, very desirable.

But, I want still more of my legislator—what I now demand are qualities that are not only desirable, they are essential, they are indispensable. I want my legislator to be an honest man. Any embellishment of that term is superfluous, but the absence of honesty in a legislator constitutes a formidable barrier to a wholesome relationship with his fellow assemblymen and will nullify the possibility of any worthwhile legislative accomplishment on his part.

CHARACTER A BASIC QUALITY

In an address made in this city, some sixty days ago, a courageous gentleman, high in the councils of our national government, made use of these words: "Character is the one thing you make in this world that you take with you into the next," and then for good measure, he added: "Principle is important too, because it's the foundation upon which character is built. Character and honesty are inseparable."

What further indispensable quality do I look for in my legislator? I want him to be committed unreservedly, not alone to the interests of the people of his legislative district, but with equal fervor to the interests of all the people of the entire state.

If he measures up to this commitment, he will do these things:

(1) He will be ever mindful of the fact that the state he is attempting to serve is the creature of its people. People are the architects of all free governments.

(2) He will support measures that provide for proper maintenance and prudent development of all our state institutions—that's an obligation.

(3) He will give considerate attention to the legislative problems of all segments of our society—that's representative government in action.

(4) He will zealously protect the fiscal solidarity of our state's economy by adjusting judiciously our state expenditures to the available state revenue that our people can afford to pay. That's sound business sense.

We are here to honor a man who has done exceptional things for us and for posterity. In my search for the basic reasons that made possible his 42 years of legislative service, I deemed it pertinent to examine the fundamental responsibilities of a legislator and also the qualities that the average man looks for in determining his fitness.

The extent of the senator's participation in crucial or highly controversial lawmaking is well-known to his associates and friends, and the full accounts of his legislative activity and how well he discharged the fundamental responsibilities of a legislator are spread through 44 years of published record in the house and senate journals. It's a constructive record.

In a republic such as ours, an enlightened electorate makes wise decisions. It follows that the endorsement of the senator's legislative conduct, in elections too numerous to count, is mute but convincing evidence that the folks at home found in the person of the "Gentleman from Black Hawk" all the desirable and essential qualities that the average man looks for.

Governor Leo Hoegh was listed upon the program, but on account of illness could not appear, and his secretary, Paul Parker, spoke briefly for the executive, paying tribute to the honored guest.

UNVEILING OF THE PAINTING

The painting upon an easel near the chairman was unveiled by Mrs. Leo Hoegh with a few appropriate words, and former congressman, Burton E. Sweet, of Waverly, a warm personal friend of Senator McFarlane, of long standing, and also former president of the Pioneer Law-makers Association, made the presentation address. To him McFarlane's long and effective legislative service was an example of individual fitness seldom rivaled for participation in the state's legislative affairs, and having a thorough knowledge of parliamentary procedure and law, the basis that underlies all governmental action by states and free nations.

Mr. Sweet spoke with emphasis, saying:

I became acquainted with Arch W. McFarlane in 1914, when he was a candidate for the Iowa House of Representatives from Black Hawk county and I was a candidate for congress from the old Third Iowa district, known as the Allison and Henderson district, and sometimes facetiously referred to as the "Monkey-Wrench" district.

Thus began a friendship that has lasted for forty-two years, unbroken and undimmed. "Friendship is that gentle salutation of the heart that lives in all the languages of men. It is a little less than love—a little more than comradeship—and winds and turns its way through all our acts and deeds and dreams, through song and toil and battlefield."

Mr. McFarlane continued as a representative in the lower house of the Iowa legislature and in the Thirty-eighth, the Thirty-eighth extra and the Thirty-ninth General Assemblies of Iowa he was elected speaker and presided over the house at those sessions. He made a very fine speaker, an impartial speaker; he treated friend and foe alike in all his decisions.

He was elected to the state senate in 1926. He was elected lieutenant governor of Iowa in 1928, and as lieutenant governor he was the presiding officer of the state senate, and presided over the senate with the same impartiality that he had presided over the house. He has been in the Iowa legislature for about forty-two years. He is now a member of the state senate, and will continue as a senator for another two years.

Parliamentary law has played a great part in the drama of events for the last two thousand years. In fact, it played an important part in the world's history during the Christian Era—it is a concomitant of the Christian Era. Its origin was in the ups and downs of the Grecian government, the Roman government, and we next find it coming to light in England in the House of Commons. Parliamentary law is largely the law of custom and precedent. It has had a fine example in the House of Commons in England. In fact, England has no written constitution, and all its proceedings in the House of Commons are according to parliamentary law.

In this country, after we gained our independence, we formed our Constitution and that, too, was the result of customs that had sprung up in the colonies. As a result, we have one of the greatest Constitutions that the world has ever known. In fact, Premier Gladstone of England once said that it was the greatest organization of government, the beginning of a government, that was ever produced by the brain of man.

As a result, we have the American congress—the House of Representatives and the United States Senate—the greatest deliberative body in the world. All proceedings in each of these houses are according to parliamentary law, and have been dominated by great speakers and great presidents. Let me name a few of the speakers, Henry Clay, James G. Blaine of Maine, Thomas B. Reed of Maine, Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois, David B. Henderson of Iowa, Champ Clark of Missouri, Sam Rayburn of Texas, our present speaker. All have dominated the affairs of this government under parliamentary procedure and parliamentary proceedings of the two houses are largely founded upon precedent and custom. These great men dominated the legislative history of this country and have performed their duties so well that we have followed out the concepts and proceedings handed down to us by our forefathers. We have formed the United Nations, and their proceedings are dominated by parliamentary procedure, in our endeavors to gain the Peace of the World.

“When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled, in the parliaments of men, in the Federation of the world . . .” “Through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widening with the progress of the suns.”

In the state of Iowa, the proceedings of both houses of the legislature are dominated by parliamentary law. We have had some great speakers. Let me name a few of them—Willard Eaton of Osage, Mitchell county, Nate Kendall of Monroe county, George Clarke of Dallas county, Robert Blue of Wright county, William I. Atkinson of Butler county, Arch

W. McFarlane of Black Hawk county, Henry Burma of Butler county, William S. Lynes of Bremer county. All have been great speakers, and have dominated legislation and have given us the standing that we now have as a state.

I am not saying to you today that Arch W. McFarlane is the greatest speaker we have ever had, but I am saying to you that he is a man of great integrity, great common sense and is a prince of a parliamentarian—a leader of men.

I am saying to you that on account of his long service in the legislature of Iowa, there is no important bill that has passed without receiving the imprint of his penetrating mind and the stamp of his legislative genius. He has performed a great service to a large constituency in Black Hawk county that has kept him in the limelight in the legislature for the last forty-two years. Above all, he is an outstanding American citizen.

There has been painted a portrait by a competent artist, Mrs. James Kent. She has portrayed upon the breathing canvas, his likeness, his form and features, and we have met here today to do honor to him for the great service that he has rendered the state in a legislative capacity. He is as prominently known as any governor or United States senator by the people of Iowa.

In behalf of the Pioneer Lawmakers Association, I now turn over to the Department this portrait, where it will remain in the archives for passersby to see and that coming generations may know that there was such a man as Hon. Arch W. McFarlane, at present a member of the Iowa state senate.

ACCEPTANCE BY CURATOR COOK

In acceptance of the portrait to be hung in the Iowa State Department of History and Archives, Curator Claude R. Cook said:

When I was about 17 years old, the superintendent of schools, who incidentally, while much older than I, was a product of our own community, had the impression that there might be some latent talent in my make-up for oratory. He induced me to commit and do a reading for one of the school's exercises which was entitled "Bill." (The reading I am not going to recite to you so don't be alarmed or frightened, I'll just tell you the story of it).

The story concerned a gentleman whose son Bill had been gone from home a number of years and had made his own way. He went to the post office one morning, as we all used to do in the smaller towns, to get his mail. There was a letter from his son and the father was very disturbed. He read the letter and was certain that Bill was

in serious trouble. He did not know how to tell his wife, so he went by their minister's house and asked him if he would go and break the news to the boy's mother. After some questioning, the minister learned that the letter was to Bill's father and the last line of the reading was, "Bill's in the legislature but he don't say what fer."

I have known Arch McFarlane for 35 years. In 1921, when he was speaker of the house I came to Des Moines to do the chaplain's work by opening the house with prayer. I remember that Senator Kimberley picked me up at the Savery hotel and brought me to the state house, and took me to the cloak room. I was at the age where I knew a great many things that I hadn't learned yet, and when the porter reached out for my hat, I thought he was wanting to shake hands with me, so I shook hands with him. When he took me to the front of the house, and introduced me to Arch McFarlane and told him why I was there, Arch told me, "Look the House over, Cook, and pray for the state."

A political career is a distinguished one. I know there are a great many people who think that being interested in politics or even being in politics is something to be shunned. But they are either ignorant of or ignoring their history of our government which is a government of party. Those who shun it and refuse to participate in it are denying themselves the opportunity which the foundations of our government created for them in the first place. Everybody should be interested and it is extremely fortunate that we have men of the caliber of Arch McFarlane who will permit their services to be used by their constituency.

There has never been any question about why Arch McFarlane was in the legislature, because of his long record of achievement. It stands for itself, a remarkable record of 42 years of service, longer than any other man has ever served in the Iowa legislature. He has the distinction of having been elected to every state office to which he ever aspired. Unless there may be some question here, let me say he never was a candidate for governor. He has been lieutenant governor, speaker of the house, member of the house and now member of the senate. It is a remarkable record and there is a vast amount of legislation for which he was either responsible or had a part in bringing about.

A remarkable thing about Arch is that he has kept pace with the times and that he has progressed along with the age in which he was serving. This scientific age in which we are living is moving us at a rapid rate. We do not all know where we are going and the future is so much likely to surpass any of the achievements of the past that undoubtedly

there can be very little comparison. Not too long ago Mr. Charles Dayton, deputy treasurer, asked me if I thought the next 50 years would show as much advancement as the last 50 had, and I told him that I thought the next 50 years would make the last 50 look like we might have been standing still.

It is an honor for us here today to honor such a distinguished career as Arch McFarlane has had and this magnificent portrait of Arch, which has been painted by a lovely lady, (I am sure she is a lovely lady although I haven't met her yet, for such a fine painting could only be produced by a lovely lady) is a distinguishing recognition of the service Arch McFarlane has given the state through his legislative activities. Of course, I am here to accept the painting, I am going to accept it, you understand, (I had to agree to accept it before Arch would let me appear on this program) and we will place it in the portrait section of the Iowa State Department of History and Archives, Historical Building. I was about to say we would hang Arch, but I would rather use the word "place" under the circumstances.

On behalf of the state and the Iowa Department of History and Archives, of which he is the curator and director, Claude R. Cook accepted the painting for installation on the walls of the State Historical building.

SENATOR MCFARLANE RESPONDS

Standing not too far from his portrait, McFarlane was met with a flood of applause when presented by Chairman Swisher. So true is the likeness that either the senator or the portrait could have begun to talk without surprise to the appreciative audience. He spoke humbly, saying:

It is a great honor for any Iowan to gain admission to the magnificent gallery of distinguished citizens whose portraits grace the walls of the Iowa historical building. I feel rather abashed at the distinction given to me. It is fitting though, that the state of Iowa should preserve, for future generations, the likenesses of the men who have contributed greatly in their day, to the creation and the history of their state.

I should prefer that my portrayal be considered simply as representative of the rank and file of Iowa citizens, who, in relatively humble capacities, have served their state well.

The history of Iowa is not a record of geography, of wars, of battles, of plenty, nor famine. It is made up of the lives of the men and women who have lived in it. I would be the last to attempt to rank myself among our great states-

men and soldiers. It has been my good fortune during the long period of public service, to have known personally many of Iowa's great men. It has also been my fortune to have participated as a legislator and as lieutenant governor in the lawmaking of this state during an extremely vital period of its existence.

As a youth, I did not realize that the men and women whom I knew as a boy, represented a generation which founded our state. They were the pioneers. I remember well their great interest in the Memorial Day services, the fife and drum corps, the addresses by prominent veterans of the Civil war. As a young student in school, wearing short trousers, I delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg address before a large and enthusiastic crowd in Brown's old opera house in Waterloo. I shall always remember that occasion, and the men who were then young as we measure life times today, and all of whom have passed to their reward.

I can best explain my feeling for these pioneers, who worked so diligently without fear of criticism, by referring to a motto upon the desk of Gen. Douglas McArthur which is an excerpt of a speech by Abraham Lincoln, in which Lincoln said, "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything."

I came into this world when the Civil war was almost contemporary history. It was only twenty years after Appomattox. It was only a matter of forty years following the admission of Iowa to the union. To have passed through the Biblical span of life in Iowa is to have been a witness to many remarkable things. In only one respect, during my lifetime have things remained very much as they were when I was born. That one respect is that the men and women of today are not essentially different from their pioneer grandparents.

Even when I was first elected in 1914 and first became a member of the General Assembly in 1915, the Civil war was almost recent history and the Spanish-American war was only yesterday. There still were serving in the house and senate veterans of the Civil war, such as the gallant George W. Crozier of Marion county, who was one of my colleagues in the house during my first two terms. I remember well the excitement and turmoil of the Thirty-seventh General Assembly when World War I broke out. I also remember better my days in the General Assembly during World War II, and again during the recent Korean conflict. Through all of these periods of warfare, the state of Iowa has remained staunch and steadfast to the traditions of the

patriots who have represented it upon the fields throughout the history of the State.

But, I prefer to dwell more today upon the accomplishments of the men and women who have served Iowa in times of peace as well as in war, for as a great poet has said, "Peace has its victories no less renowned than war."

The governor of Iowa, when I first took my seat in the House, was a man of vision and outstanding courage, the Honorable George W. Clarke of Dallas county. He had also served in four sessions as a member of the house and two as its speaker. Today his name is not heard so frequently, but our magnificent state grounds are a monument to his memory, for it was the courageous battle which Governor Clarke inaugurated and carried to a conclusion that resulted in our present beautiful capitol grounds. I remember well the controversy which raged over the capitol extension proposal, and the efforts which were made during my first session to halt the project in its infancy. It was bitter battle, but today, who would give up our capitol with its magnificent setting and the buildings which adorn it for a hundred times what it cost in dollars and cents.

I like to remember my earlier sessions because they were marked by some of the bitterest fights over our highway program that have occurred during my entire 42 years of legislative service. We owe much to now forgotten men who had vision and foresight in those earlier days to lay the foundation for a highway system which will never be completed, but which stands as one of the best balanced, including as it does our county, secondary and primary roads, and best serving highway programs anywhere in the nation. I remember, for example, Nicholas Balkema, John W. Foster, Wallace Arney, G. L. Caswell, Justin Doran, Leslie Francis, Clem Kimball, Guy Gillette, Fred L. Maytag, Addison Parker and George Cosson, who were among the leaders in this battle. They were the men who helped to set up what is now our State Highway Commission, envisioned our great primary road system and made other plans for the future, with a foresight that is bearing such fruits today.

I remember such other men as Joe Anderson, Justin Barry, David E. Mackie, Lee W. Elwood, Charles Santee, W. A. Mooty, Herb Dean, James B. Weaver, Henry Brady and Jay Shaff, who were among our house leaders in the early battles for good roads.

I have stated before in public addresses that I consider the Iowa General Assembly to be our greatest training school for statesmen. It is in this hall that a very large number of our governors, congressmen, and United States senators get what I may term their elementary education in statesman-

ship. The Hon. Burton E. Sweet, to whom you have just listened, a man who is held in highest esteem throughout the state, is one of them.

It has been my privilege to serve as a legislative colleague with all of the governors of Iowa who have served since 1915. I have had the pleasure of serving with a large number of our congressmen and with many who later gained distinction on the district bench and in the supreme court of the state of Iowa.

The battles over highway legislation have been mentioned, and there were other contests in the General Assembly equally momentous, which, in their result, helped make more Iowa history. I remember, for example, such men as S. W. Klaus, Charlie Dutcher, Eli Perkins, Joe Allen, John T. Clarkson, John Hammill, Anthony McColl, Fred Larrabee, Wm. Larrabee, James A. Smith, Ed Cunningham, W. L. Harding and C. B. Murtagh. I mention these men particularly because they were among the leaders of what has proven after 30 years of test to be one of the finest programs of public health education that any state enjoys. These were among the men who were responsible for our Crippled Children's Hospital and for the great Rockefeller University Hospital at Iowa City, and for their part in building up such institutions as our great State University, our State College of Agriculture at Ames, and my own favorite institution, the State Teachers College at Cedar Falls.

It was men of this type also, who helped to establish the policy of adequate care for the unfortunate. I could extend this list indefinitely, of course, but these men come to my mind as typical of the Iowans who rose beyond personal prejudice, beyond all selfish interests, to make Iowa one of the leaders in the field that was new when I was young.

It is natural, of course, that today I should review in my mind the memories of the men with whom I have had the privilege of serving. It is also natural that I am inclined to dwell more upon a generation which is passing from the picture than upon our present-day younger generation. But, before I pass from the present generation of members of the legislature, I want to pay tribute to those of the last few sessions who have approved another very important adjunct to their aid for the unfortunate by starting a new program to bring back to normal life, if possible, the many handicapped and retarded children. This action will bring great praise and commendation in future years.

I do not need to pay tribute to my contemporaries of the last score of years. Their work is well known. They are still active, and they are preserving, as I have said, the traditions of prior years. The time will not be so long

when no one will recall, other than through the pages of history, some of the men whom I have mentioned. What I am trying to do is to pay tribute to the thousands upon thousands of men and women with whom I have had the privilege of helping in the work to make Iowa a better state in which to live.

We must not lose sight of the fact that Iowa is basically an agricultural state. We must aid in every way possible the agricultural interests, and must insist upon soil conservation so that we may continue to raise upon our farms the necessary food to help feed the world. If we fail to preserve our soil and protect agriculture, the future of our state and the future of our country is in jeopardy.

But, likewise, we are fast becoming an industrial state. Our processing and manufacturing products are now, in dollars and cents, exceeding our agricultural income. We must encourage more industry to come to Iowa. A great percentage of our tax money is spent for education, and rightfully so. It costs the people of Iowa approximately \$9,800 per pupil from the time the child starts in kindergarten and gets through college. In other words, I am reliably informed that for the period ending June 30, 1955, in one of our higher educational institutions the cost was \$948.72 per pupil per year. I am also reliably informed that the average cost in high schools per pupil is \$600.00 per year, and in the elementary grades the cost is \$450.00 per pupil.

Now, in the past few years, too many of our young graduates whom we have educated, leave the state for greener fields, and we should make a supreme effort, considering our financial investment in these students, to provide satisfactory employment for them within our own boundaries. I have been informed by one of our large state institutions that practically 78% of the annual graduates seek employment in other territories outside the state. We must in no way be unfair with the manufacturer who employs thousands of loyal workers who pay individual taxes, in order that our state may continue to exist on a high plane. Both agriculture and industry should be protected at all costs.

I hear a great deal at times of the "good old days" and how they were so much better than those we now enjoy. I am highly skeptical on this point. In fact, I like living in this world today much better than I ever did before. It is a much more comfortable place in which to live. I remember well when such plagues as smallpox, diphtheria and what we called "consumption" in those days were considered almost commonplace.

I can remember, of course, when we had no such things

as automobiles, radios and television. I was pretty well grown-up before I rode in an automobile, and the telephone was somewhat of a curiosity when I was a lad, along with such things as the electric light. One of my duties as a boy was to gather the lamps, clean and shine the chimneys, fill them with kerosene and trim the wicks so the flame would blaze true, in readiness for the next evening's illumination.

What has happened in Iowa in the last few years relative to the use of electricity? It has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and now we depend so much on the kilowatt that the privately owned utilities of Iowa have, of their own initiative, almost completed a network of high lines and power plants so that it covers practically every community in our great state. In case of an emergency in any community, with the pressing of a button or the flipping of a switch, they can secure power from far away distant places, so that we in Iowa can be practically assured of continuous service for all times in the future. And keep in mind that this was all done with private capital.

I do not believe that people were any less happy in the older days than they are now. They did not miss things they did not have, but the "good old days" really were not as "good" as they were painted. Neither are present times as bad as some are often inclined to think. I am convinced, as I grow somewhat older, that the world and the people in it are getting better. I have always been a great advocate of the theory that people who are able to do so should take care of themselves. I have also, however, in later years arrived at the conclusion that people who are fortunate enough to be able to help others who are less fortunate should put in a great deal of their time and money in doing that very thing.

As I wander through the galleries of the State Historical building and wonder what manner of men they were, whose likenesses are hanging there in their picture frames, who came long before my time, I like to think of them as I hope future visitors will think of me. I would like to be remembered by the people who will gaze at my picture, long after I am forgotten by living men, as a humble citizen of Iowa who did his best to serve his fellow citizens, his state, his nation and his God.

The Waterloo Amvets Chorus of 24 members interspersed the program with three songs.

The Rev. C. J. Gunnell, pastor of Waterloo Christ Episcopal Church in which McFarlane is senior warden,

offered the invocation. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor E. J. O'Hagan of Waterloo pronounced the benediction.

The event was a notable one with over 400 assembled, and following the presentation program a reception was given in the executive suite of offices, in charge of Mrs. Hoegh, wife of the governor, at which refreshments were served.

Pilgrims

By ESTHER KEM THOMAS

They sowed their grain
 on rugged unknown soil,
That gallant few,
And reaped a harvest
 from their prayer and toil—
They sowed faith, too!

They worked for sustenance,
 they fought for life;
Their numbers grew,
And in their hearts
 grew thankfulness . . .
And faith, anew!

We have their pilgrimage
 to carry on,
Rough roads to hew
Toward peace and unity
 and world-wide dawn—
Faith sees us through . . .

And when our heritage
 of hill and plain
We pause to view,
We offer thanks that
 when they sowed their grain
They sowed faith, too!

—from "Gracious Bounty"

Indian Burial Relics

By O. J. PRUITT

Twenty years and more seems a long time to spend in the collection of Indian relics. In such period the writer and friend wife have waded every creek in Pottawattamie and adjoining counties.

It was not done without expense or mishap. The wife once had the misfortune to fall on a slippery bank and break an ankle. The fun and fascination went hand-in-hand. Usually it was hard work, but at other times it was easy. Often we dug continuously a whole day long in quest of specimens, and again we picked up many artifacts on newly plowed ground after a washing rain. Other times we visited Indian village sites and prospected the refuse dumps.

We accumulated over five thousand artifacts, including some nice earthen pyral pots and mortuary offerings, from the fish-hook bone of the raccoon to shell beads and pendants.

Many pathetic instances were met with in the excavating of graves. In one mound containing 24 skeletons, a mother was buried with her infant in her arms. At another, a brave was buried astride his horse in full regalia, peace pipe, tomahawk, bow and arrows, with a white man's money belt containing six dollars and thirty cents all in silver.

At still another, we found that exactly nine braves had met death in a fight with enemies. This was a wheel burial which are numerous in west Iowa, referred to in one of my previous articles in the ANNALS. A wheel burial is one where all the heads are placed together with the bodies and legs radiating like the spokes of a wheel. The heads represent the nave and the bodies and legs the spokes. We found four of this kind of burial.

On the S. B. Peters farm near Crescent, there were nine skeletons in the grave and all appeared to have

had their heads bashed in, presumably with a tomahawk and thought by all who saw them to have been the result of a battle between the Winnebagos and the Sioux in historical times.

A MUTILATED SKELETON

Behind Sol Smith lake in Harrison county, also previously reported in the *ANNALS*, we examined an Indian burial ground and found two wheel burials, and a single grave containing a skeleton minus one hand and one foot and the head. At a short distance away we unearthed the head, which had suffered pyral action, but the beads were intact. Curiously enough, the leg bones showed a compound fracture some time early in life and the setting of the fracture was perfect, so perfect that the two femurs are of exact length and in all probability the person walked without a limp. He was evidently a man of importance, perhaps a great warrior, and the separate burials of portions of the body was to deceive any enemy who might discover the loss of a great leader in warfare. This is the opinion of a lady of the Hines Foundation, who was experienced in the methods of the Winnebagos in the disposition of their chiefs and leaders in warfare.

Also in Harrison county, five miles above Missouri Valley, a grave was opened by Charles Kelsey, and here were five skeletons, one of which had a horn-like protuberance on the occipital bone, which resembled those of the Kaffiers of South Africa and were removed by English surgeons during the Boer war to allay savageness. This is stated on the authority of George S. Stienberg, an alderman at large in Council Bluffs. Mr. Kelsey lives at 110 East Bay avenue, Balboa, California, and is the man with whom I did field work in Harrison county; also a Mr. Jones, who at that time lived at Missouri Valley, and Jack Dewitt, who lives at Santa Barbara, California.

ASSISTED IN TRACING ANCESTRY

The legality of excavating of Indian graves covers and requires certain qualifications and length of time since

interring. In a few instances we hardly waited the one hundred year period, but not without thorough investigation of a chance of a living relative. The knowledge we gained more than offset the spectacular and gruesome task. We were able to chart most of the Indian graves in three counties, all of the village and camp sites. Thus we enabled living relatives after nearly a century to relocate where their forefathers rested. For this act alone, we had the blessings of the respective tribes, and offers of gifts.

From Kansas the Pottawattamies came and from the reservation in Nebraska came the Winnebagos, from whom we learned the names of many of the dead who lived before the birth of the writer, now approaching his 90th year. None of the Omahas could recall that they had dead buried on Iowa soil, the oldest Omaha then living being in the sixties.

FOR CENTURIES UNDISTURBED

The burials of the Pawnees' dead in Iowa represent periods of two to three centuries, and all were atop hills in individual mounds. The individual remains were set upright against a fixed post, sod cut and stacked like a haystack over poles, and at the time of making were fully five feet in height. When found undisturbed at the present time, they are miniature cone-shaped with a crater cave-in and usually found where the underbrush is dense.

Five were located on one farm in Mills county and, curiously enough, at the foot of a hill beneath the graves a moonshine still operated back in the days of prohibition. The fire had been put out, but things were yet hot and the odor of fresh corn liquor was very strong. Nearby was a deep well covered with brush, and further along up the side of the bluff were two wooden vats, a copper coil and a round boiler. The vats were half filled with corn meal soaking in water. The finished product was carried up the hill, the nearest route to the seldom traveled road. Upon seeing two men drive away in a truck, the investigation was begun. Unarmed, it

made one feel a bit squeamish. It is suffice to say we left without digging into the mounds so near to the outlaws.

Three years later, after tedious work, we learned that the burials were undoubtedly the oldest we had encountered. Here only brown streaks remained to show the outline of the larger bones of the body. Unio shell beads were decomposed to the extent that they were easily crushed in the hand. No artifact other than the beads were found. In time, all five of the mounds were opened with no further information available.

In one box canyon in Harrison county, forty skulls of humans were found strewn about by water in which only one male was represented, a boy with the eighteenth year molars just arising. The bones were buried through erosion where the fill-in and grading of the valley floor level had exceeded fifteen feet in the past two centuries. A ditch now had cut the fill to a depth of 10 feet and the strata of earth containing the bones was at a six-foot depth.

Here in the excavating, Hugh Kelsey almost lost his life by a cave-in. Hugh's father and a companion, a Mr. Jones, worked frantically and were able to extricate him before suffocation. In this short canyon many carved shells, effigies of animals, crude combs and pendants were found.

MUSEUM RECEIVES COLLECTION

The collection of relics we made has been placed in the museum of the Pottawattamie County Historical society. It has been a lot of pleasure and a great deal of hard labor. During all this time we have had the tutoring of such well-known archaeologists as R. F. Gilder, Dr. Over, Dr. Strong and Professor Kelsey, with the constructive advice of a great paleontologist, Harold J. Cook, of Agate Springs, Nebraska. We have had for almost constant companions Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Jensen, and on certain occasions free lance writers, news reporters and geologists of national repute.

Harrison county has a noted collector, Fred Yocum of

Logan, while Mills county has Paul Rowe, who majored in geology and is living near Glenwood.

The labor was greatly expedited in recent years by the work done by the W. P. A. in road building and the paving of highways. Much was learned by the work of excavating at the site of the old lime kilns, where lime was burned for the erection of Fort Atkinson in 1818-19.

Deep cuts through the bluffs gave additional information relative to the formations. More recently, the St. Bernard hospital had a vast grading job done, wherein the bluff was leveled some eighty feet. The area graded covers about two acres and barely missed the Indian burial on the saddle of the bluff. These are graves of the Pottawattamie. The making of new roads in the bluffs after rains revealed many stone and flint articles of Indian make.

Honor in Strict Accounting

Public money ought to be touched with the most scrupulous conscientiousness of honor. It is not the produce of riches only, but of the hard earnings of labor and poverty. It is drawn even from the bitterness of want and misery. Not a beggar passes, or perishes in the streets, whose mite is not in that mass.—Thomas Paine.

The Duty of Today

Our forefathers gave us a system of government which has produced greater liberties and higher living standards than ever before experienced in the history of the world. As citizens it is our duty and our responsibility to do our utmost to protect that system.—George E. Stringfellow.

Iowa People and Events . . .

How Mrs. Kendall Trained "Nate"

As Governor Kendall approached the close of his official incumbency, an Iowa newspaperman submitted a serious inquiry that he answered with unusual frankness. The question submitted was "How has your wife helped you?" The governor's answer was most generous to the woman who had shared life with him, especially the long waiting period that a young lawyer in a county seat town experiences before clients seek him out, revealing the depth of his feeling and regard of obligation incurred.

Appreciative of the qualities of his helpmate of those early years, that to him were extraordinary, embracing as they did the direction of the affairs of the home and his training in relation thereto, Mr. Kendall wrote of his first wife, Belle Woodin Kendall, for later in life, after her demise, he married again. The letter to his friend, the newspaperman, read:

The inquiry you propose is difficult of answer, because the reply to it is so perfectly obvious. My wife has helped me indispensably in every activity of my adult life. She is endowed in a remarkable degree with the uncommon faculty of common sense, and this quality has been of inestimable value to me in many circumstances.

In my earlier years before I became acquainted with her, I had contracted foolish and expensive habits, utterly inconsistent with the sensible frugality which ought to characterize a prudent man. If I had a dollar, I spent it like it was a withered leaf and I was the owner of unbounded forests, and although I had for several years enjoyed a lucrative law practice, its revenues were exhausted as rapidly as they accrued. I was 27 years of age, with less than \$300 of capital, but with abundant confidence in the future, and I married.

Fortunately for me, my wife's childhood discipline had been altogether different from mine. She understood that every fee I collected represented a compensation for so much skill and ability and industry, and she supervised its disbursement as jealously as knight ever protected his honor. She resisted temptations to luxury which she knew we could not afford—temptations to which I was eagerly disposed to surrender—and under her restriction I have been gradually converted to the philosophy of buying what I need rather than what I want. Indeed, the only extravagance from which I cannot be subdued is my passion for the acquisition of books, and this weakness she tolerates because she enjoys our library as much as I do.

But, if I have achieved any substantial success in life, it has not been in the direction of accumulating money. My wife always has estimated more highly than I my capacity for the public service. She encouraged my candidacy first for the general assembly, then for the speakership of the house, and latterly for representative in congress. I say encouraged, but I mean that in a rather limited construction. If I secured a nomination or an election, she approved the enterprise within the family, but she was disinclined to mention the matter outside. I think she never once in all my numerous contests electioneered for me, or solicited support in my behalf.

Although she has been for years a P.E.O., a D.A.R., a Chi Omega and a member of the Federation of Women's clubs, she never has perverted her fraternal connection by attempting to capitalize it to my political advantage. I deeply appreciated this attitude.

We were not disappointed in any of the aspirations to which I have referred, but whether the positions I have occupied have been filled creditably and satisfactorily it must, of course, devolve upon those who are disinterested to say.

I ought to concede that my wife was wholly disaffected toward my ambitions for the governorship. She never underrated the high distinction of the office, but she in-

sisted that after my twenty years of constant campaigning, she was entitled to a period of uninterrupted home life. For the first and only time on an important issue I overruled her opposition, and while she submitted as gracefully as possible to my decision, neither of us has been able to determine that she was altogether unjustified in her original objection.

My wife knows my vanities, my hypocrisies, my affectations—all the infirmities which disfigure my character; and yet after all I defy anybody to convince her that I am not a great man. Even the bitterly hostile Des Moines newspapers could not dispel the illusion in 1920. When she and I disagree in argument, as we frequently do, we generally compromise the discussion by adopting the suggestion she has advanced.

I entertain profound respect for the infallibility of her judgment. I wish you knew her. She is an extraordinary woman. Last year when I was sick almost unto death, I acquired a new understanding of her unselfish devotion to me, and a new comprehension of my infinite obligation to her.

I have no hesitancy in the statement that if my modest career shall be accounted in any measure worthy of indorsement, she is entitled to the major credit for it. Without her uplifting, restraining and stimulating influence, all my energies would have been dissipated, misdirected and prostrated. I am proud to proclaim to her as Meredith apostrophized his heroine in the saddest and sweetest love story in all literature:

Wherever this nature of mine is most fair,
And its thoughts are the purest, beloved thou are there.
Whatever is noblest in aught that I do,
Is done to exalt and to worship thee, too.

How has my wife helped me? Just as every good wife has helped her husband. But chiefly by enriching me with a higher view of duty and inspiring me to a firmer consecration for its performance.

Seldom has a more eloquent, and deserved, tribute been paid to any wife. The governor wrote as fluently and as movingly as he always spoke.

Those of Governor Kendall's friends and admirers yet alive will remember that as soon as he retired from office, shortly after the first of that year, he and his wife took a long planned tour around the world, occupying the greater part of a year, and thereafter retired to private pursuits to enjoy the remainder of his life in the company of those "old home" folks who, knowing him best, loved him most. But his complacency and satisfaction was short-lived, for upon a return trip to Italy, which had captured the fancy of his loved mate, she fell ill and died before their return home to Iowa, leaving him desolate and almost weary of life. The ongoing of the affairs of the world about him then no longer provided attraction or solace for a soul burdened with grief.

The Wooden Indian

Long since, the Wooden Indian became both a curio and an antique. Cigar stores no longer display them and museums now seek them, particularly when they have a long record of possession. The symbolism is difficult to trace, and only the elder people now recall their display in front of cigar stores indicative of the habitat of the tobacco merchant and his cigar stock.

The Rhode Island State Historical Society recently has acquired a Wooden Princess said to represent Pocahontas, the Virginian Indian maiden of historical note, long a familiar sight in Providence, Rhode Island, the ownership of which can be accurately traced back to 1867. It is a unique accession typical of the age when wooden figures were used to advertise all manner of business houses. A photograph of the object has been taken and graces the front cover page of the October issue of *Rhode Island History*, the magazine publication of the society. It says:

"Among the commonest of the wooden figures used in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were the little carved mariners who hung outside ship chandlers' and instrument makers' shops. A unique early nineteenth century is the society's manacled felon, which hung from Kent county jail in East Greenwich for many years, supposedly as a warning

to evildoers and certainly not as an advertisement of the trade of a thief.

"Another earlier trade figure is the society's copy of the original Turk's Head, whose history is lost in legend, but may have begun as a tobacco sign, set up in front of Smith & Sabin's shop. Possibly the Wooden Indian is one of a few types of shop signs that survived to the 20th century. Other types of signs included picturesque foreigners, representatives of everyday American life, figures of literature and history and even prominent personages of the day. . . .

"Tradition has it that the first tobacco Indian was a figure of Pocahontas at the door of a Boston tobacco vendor's shop in colonial times; but it was not until about 1840 that every small town boasted at least one resplendent trade figure, whether an Indian or other genus. . . . Such pieces of folk art included, in addition to trade signs, ships' figureheads, toys, circus ornaments, decoys, primitive portraits and scenes, theorem and other decorative painting.

The Elder Statesmen

The announcement of Senator George of Georgia that at 77 he was not a candidate for re-election to the United States senate has created some discussion. Besides being the chairman of the Foreign Relations committee of the senate, as a party leader, he is a man of powerful influence nationally as well as in his own state. He has been named by President Eisenhower as administration consultant on foreign affairs following his retirement from the senate.

Iowa has contributed service in that body by four men over seventy years of age, and in two instances long service. William B. Allison 79 served 36 years as senator from this state, and Albert B. Cummins 76 served 18 years. The other two elderly men from Iowa serving as U. S. senator after seventy years of age, but comparatively short periods were John H. Gear 75 and Lafayette Young 78. Most of Iowa's U. S. senators were much younger men.

Of the 96 members of the present U. S. senate twelve are over 70 and six older than Senator George, the eldest being Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, who is 88. The others are Neely 81 of West Virginia, Smith

79 of New Jersey, Murray 79 of Montana, Barkley 78 of Kentucky, Hayden 78 of Arizona, Lehman 77 of New York, Martin 76 of Pennsylvania, Flanders 75 of Vermont, Wiley 71 of Wisconsin, and O'Mahoney 71 of Wyoming.

Some of the above have been re-elected recently and will serve at greater age. Most of them are active in the senate and ripe in public experience, which generally is regarded as a political as well as a practical asset. Senator Barkley only recently passed away.

Government School Aid

There will be a raising of Iowa eyebrows and some audible criticism of the latest attempt to take from the local districts control over their schools. Of course it is not broached upon such broad terms, but in the end will amount to just that, if the government aid plans become a reality.

Here in Iowa, since the big state department of public instruction was given greater local control, complaints at the lower level have become common, although the extravagant local district that exceeds in reasonable expenditures in operation of its schools has become resigned to allowing the state to assume payment of such extravagance over a 15-mill levy.

It long has been the boast of those directly interested in the successful operation of our American school system that its control has been kept close to the people who on least provocation have resented outside interference in the conduct of local school affairs. After all, government aid of any sort, like state aid, means subservience, and eventual control and direction.

Old Wall Street

One spring day, in the year 1792, a group of corporation stock traders who had been meeting under a great buttonwood tree that stood at 60 Wall Street, adjourned to the Tontine Coffee House to discuss how they could

best meet competition from some auctioneers who were selling U. S. government stock at the other end of Wall Street. They signed an agreement to trade only among themselves—and the New York Stock Exchange was born.

After the early meetings at the Tontine Coffee House, the Exchange moved a dozen times or so before settling down at its present address at 18 Broad Street.

The original membership of 24 since has swelled to over 1300; and seats on the Exchange, which in 1824 were purchasable for about \$100, have in recent years brought anywhere from \$35,000 to \$90,000.

When the first price list of stocks was published in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of March 10, 1815, it included just a score of companies. Today, over 1100 are listed on the Exchange. These earn about one-half of all the net profits after taxes reported by U. S. companies. Over 90 per cent of them paid cash dividends last year; and some 300 have paid annual dividends consecutively for a period of a quarter of a century or longer!—Brookmire Reports.

Dr. F. C. Grimmell's Home

St. Ambrose church at High and Sixth street now occupies the site of the first frame dwelling house in town, the home of Dr. F. C. Grimmell, built in 1847, on a high knoll. It was a regular down-east timber frame, with mortises, tenons and braces. The timber was hewn from trees cut in the dense forest on the bluff north on Sixth avenue. The lumber was sawed at Parmelee's mill, ten miles down the river, built to cut the lumber for the fort buildings. The house was enclosed the first year and occupied, but not plastered until the fall of 1848, as there was no lime nor plasterer in town, but in June of that year Judge Casady was married in it to the daughter of the doctor, and made his home there for a time, but it was "so far out in the country" to walk from his office on Second street, through the weeds, brush and mud, that he built a small house on the cor-

ner where Clapp's building is. Charley Kahler, the well-known shoe dealer was married in the old house. For many years it was a favorite place for social events, Mrs. Grimmell and the doctor being fond of young people and their society.

In it, in 1855, was organized the First Lutheran church, the doctor and his wife being zealous Lutherans.

In 1889 it went out of existence in a cloud of fire and smoke.—*Des Moines Register and Leader*, September 30, 1906.

The Kensington Stone

The opinion regarding the carving of the Kensington rune stone expressed by a Minneapolis sculptor, John Karl Daniels, is reported by Jay Edgerton in the *Minneapolis Star* of August 1. Mr. Daniels contends that "the inscription was put on quickly with sure deft strokes by a person thoroughly familiar with carving runes."

In addition, he observes that while most of the carving was done with a hammer and chisel working from right to left the last part of the inscription was carved from the opposite direction, suggesting the possibility that it was done by two carvers or by a man who was ambidextrous.

Basing her narrative on documents of the fourteenth century, Laura Goodman Salverson presents in *Immortal Rock: The Saga of the Kensington Stone*, a fictional version of the events supposedly recorded on the Minnesota Stone (Toronto, 1954). The writer attempts to reconstruct the life story of each of the men in Paul Knutson's expedition, as well as to describe their adventures in the heart of the North American continent. "The Vikings in America: A Critical Bibliography" by T. J. Oleson, appearing in the *Canadian Historical Review* for June, lists many books and articles about the stone published for the most part from 1939 to 1954.—*Minnesota History*.

Iowa's Notable Dead . . .

MATTHEW A. TINLEY, physician and surgeon, retired lieutenant general and commander of the 34th division, died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, March 11, 1956; born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, March 5, 1876; son of Matthew Hale Tinley who came from County Cavan, Ireland, in 1850, at 12 years of age. and Rose Dolan of the County Roscommons; besides attending school as a youth, carried papers, cared for a garden and herded cattle for spending money; was graduated from the old Council Bluffs high school in 1894, having begun his military career in training as high school cadet; private in 3rd Iowa National Guard 1894-98; after nearly two years in the expeditionary force and in occupation of Germany, returned in charge of the regiment as colonel in 1919; appointed colonel of the 168th and on July 7, 1921, placed in command as brigadier general of the 67th infantry brigade; promoted to major general in charge of the 34th division, 1924; combined a distinguished military career with practice of medical profession over a long period in Council Bluffs; always known in Council Bluffs as "Dr. Mat," probably was the only Iowa army combat officer who was simultaneously a practicing physician; was in military service more than 45 years, with almost four years of this period in Federal service; at outbreak of the Spanish-American war, was a freshman medical student at the University of Nebraska; resumed studies there after that war and received his medical degree in 1902, and practiced at Council Bluffs when not on active army duty; at one time was chief of staff of Jennie Edmundson Hospital; at Council Bluffs, and until her death, had been associated with his sister, the late Dr. Mary Tinley; retired from medical practice in 1953; in 1902-03 took special medical work at the New York Postgraduate School and the School of Obstetrics and the Lying-in hospital; served as the second president of the Rainbow Veterans Association in 1920; was the first commander of the Iowa Department of the American Legion; served as vice-president of the National Guard Association of the United States in 1933 and as president of the association in 1934; service medals and decorations received were Distinguished Service Spanish War Service Medal, Philippine Congressional Medal, Philippine Campaign Medal, Mexican Border Service Medal, Victory Medal with one silver star and five bronze stars and the following clasps: Champagne, Aisen-Marne, Meuse-Argonne, Saint Mihiel, Chateau Thierry, Defensive Sector, also the Legion of Honor, Of-

ficer, with Rosette, and the Croix-De-Guerre, with Gold Star; on August 2, 1938, was awarded a special medal by the state of Iowa in recognition of long service in the Iowa National Guard; commanded the Iowa National Guard troops during the "farm strike" disorders in northwest Iowa in 1933 and for this duty received the medal of the United States Flag Association, given annually for law enforcement, was with the guard troops for a month at Newton, Iowa, during labor difficulties in 1938; appointed district surgeon for the Union Pacific Railway in 1904, and also for many years represented the Wabash and Burlington railways at Council Bluffs; served as vice-president of the Iowa State Medical Association and chairman of the commission named by the governor of Iowa at the time of repeal to draw up the plans which were the basis for formation of the Iowa state liquor commission; also served as a division president for the National Railway Surgeons Association; in politics was a Democrat and was supported for nomination as a candidate for vice-president at the national Democratic party convention in 1932, with 230 pledged votes for the nomination; was a member of the Council Bluffs Community Committee on Poor Relief; an active member of the Knights of Columbus and served as grand knight of the home council; all brothers and sisters also became distinguished—the oldest of the children, Hubert, became a bank president, Emmett, the next child, served as president of his state bar association; the oldest daughter, Mary, recognized as a national authority on the treatment of diseases of women and children; John, the next boy, was a judge; Beatrice, the next after John, married a millionaire; Aurelia, the youngest girl, became a school teacher and George, the youngest of the family, became a public official; surviving are the widow, the former Lucy Shaw Williams, from Norfolk, Nebraska; a son, Dr. Robert E. Tinley, Denver City, Texas, a daughter, Miss Winifred Tinley, and a sister, Miss Aurelia of Council Bluffs, four grandsons and one great grandson.

FRANZ JOHN WOOD, farm machinery manufacturer and inventor, died at Des Moines, Iowa, April 14, 1956; born on a farm in Fremont township, Winona county, in southeastern Minnesota, March 7, 1864; attended rural school and worked with his father and brother Robert on the farm; inventive genius developed early in construction of a crude corn planter; moved in 1883, with family to Spink county, South Dakota where the father took a homestead claim on land twenty miles from Redfield, the county seat, then a small, one-street town; assisted in farming and log hauling, resumed school

at Redfield for a time, alternating with farm work and as a hod carrier and later a book agent; farm machinery purchased intrigued him and quickly he devised improvements, fashioning other farm equipment; from his crude inventions came demand for the machines, and with his brother secured an old foundry and machine shop run by water power and in 1893 began the manufacture of a line of farm machinery including threshing machines, steam engines, reapers, binders, stackers, feeders, power rakes, etc., all the time showing improvements until in total he registered 25 separate inventions; a plant was operated at Pipestone, Minn., and after coming to Iowa, plants were operated by Wood Brothers successfully at Fort Dodge and Forest City; in 1899 moved the plant to Des Moines, building the present extensive factory in 1926, in which threshers and other harvesting machinery were manufactured and shipped in great volume over the years intervening; suffered the death of Robert on April 6, 1943, and retired from the presidency of the company in 1945, since having lived in retirement in Des Moines, engaged in writing his memoirs, a portion of which have been published; in 1955 the factory became the Des Moines Implement Plant of the Ford Motor Co.; survived by a daughter, Helen Wood, a teacher in the Des Moines school system; a son, Robert of Cedar Rapids, and three grandchildren.

JOHN WILLIAM HAGGARD, Iowa newspaper man for 63 years, died at Algona, Iowa, Christmas eve, December 24, 1955; born in a sod house in Irvington township, Kossuth county, Iowa, on January 3, 1870; a son of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Haggard, the father a Civil war veteran; began his newspaper career as an apprentice on the old *Algona Republican* in 1882, and retired in 1949 by sale of his interest in the *Algona Upper Des Moines*; during early part of career went to South Dakota and spent two years working upon newspapers, and then to Milwaukee and employed on the *Milwaukee Journal* three years; returned to Algona and became foreman upon the *Republican* when Milton Starr was editor and publisher; became a partner of Mr. Starr in 1899, and in 1902 they bought the *Upper Des Moines* from Harvey Ingham, engaging in several partnerships in its publication until his retirement; active all his mature life in community affairs; helped organize and was a vice president at time of his death of the Security State bank; became known late in life as the oldest newspaperman in point of continuous service in his section of the state; was a rugged individualist in religion and politics and independent in his viewpoint; surviving is his widow Segrid, and two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Moore, San Antonio,

Texas, and Mrs. Mattie Falkenhaimer, Algona, a brother, Melzar Haggard having preceded him in death.

HARLEY A. (TEX) GRANTHAM, newspaperman, merchant and former chairman of the Iowa Tax Commission, died at his home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, March 13, 1956; born at Marseilles, Illinois, November 21, 1894; came with family to Belle Plaine, Iowa, as a small boy and attended grade school; obtained further education through a correspondence school and attended night school at Cedar Rapids and Coe college there; employed by the C. & N. W. railroad at Belle Plaine; enlisted in the aviation division of the U. S. army in 1918; became a newspaper reporter on the *Cedar Rapids Republican* and the *Long Beach (Cal.) Telegram*; was publisher of the *DeWitt Observer* from 1926 to 1936 before coming to Des Moines as publicity man for the state Republican committee; became secretary of the state Republican committee, and was regarded as the "man behind the victory" when the Republicans ended six years of state Democratic control with the election of Gov. George Wilson in 1938; appointed a member of the State Tax Commission in 1941 and elected chairman; retired in 1949 to enter business and moved to Fort Lauderdale where he opened and conducted a general store; one son, Francis A., by his first wife, who died, succeeded his father in business, operating a variety store in DeWitt; member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows orders and the American Legion; survived by his wife, Maxine, the son Francis, and a step-son, John Williams.

EDWARD CHARLES MABIE, educator, died at Iowa City, Iowa, February 9, 1956; born in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, October 27, 1892; was graduated from Dartmouth college with a bachelors degree in 1915, and received his master's degree there in 1916; in 1925, was honored with a degree of doctor of fine arts by Illinois Wesleyan University; came to the State University of Iowa as head of the S.U.I. department of speech and drama in 1920, when only one course in dramatic arts was offered; by 1930, 47 master of arts degrees in drama were granted and during the 35 years he has headed the department an estimated 500 such degrees have been granted; a former president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech, former vice-president of the National Theater Conference, former president of the American Educational Theater Association, and member of the American Theater Council and National Society for the Study of Communications; a member of Delta Sigma Rho forensic fraternity, Acacia social fraternity, a thirty-second degree Mason, and member of

the Congregational church; was largely responsible for obtaining a \$50,000 grant from Rockefeller Foundation for constructing the theater building in 1934; is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Stewart, Bradenton, Fla.; a brother, Roland, Milwaukee, Wis., and a sister, Mrs. Phillip Falk, Madison, Wis.

F. LAZELLE SAWYERS, banker, community and church leader, died at Centerville, Iowa, March 21, 1956; born in the same community August 20, 1895; son of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Sawyers; enjoyed an unusual educational career, first in Centerville public schools, in 1905 and 1906, the Calvert school at Baltimore, and at age 9 accompanied his parents to Germany and attended school for two years while his father was taking special surgical training; later graduated from Lawrence high school at Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and was graduated by Princeton University in class of 1918; enlisted in French army with the Mallet reserve and attached to a general staff as an interpreter, being a linguist, speaking four languages; attached to the U. S. army and came to Centerville following the war and entered the Centerville National bank; in 1921 married Almira Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Baker, of Baltimore; as a grandson of former Gov. Francis M. Drake, has resided in the former Drake home; in 1945 served as president of the Iowa Bankers association; was a trustee of Drake University in Des Moines and chairman of the trustees' divinity school committee; was active in Christian Church work and a Drake benefactor; surviving are his widow, one daughter, Mrs. John B. Imboden, Baltimore, Md., and one son, Dr. John L. Sawyers Nashville, Tenn.

JOSEPH KELSO, JR., banker and legislator, died at Youngstown, New York, January 12, 1956; born at Bellevue, Iowa, September 12, 1875, son of Joseph and Sophia Shaw Kelso, of Scotch descent; attended Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and became associated with the Bank of J. Kelso, founded by his father; also associated with the Bellevue Pottery and the Bellevue Telephone company; served as a member of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth General Assemblies in 1913 and 1915 from Jackson county; a member of the state board of conservation and the Iowa State Florists Association; in 1910 held the world's record in 20-foot speed boat competition; always an ardent outdoor man indulging in baseball, hunting, fishing, and became an expert gardener; a member of the Presbyterian church, the Masonic order, the Elks, and a Democrat; after leaving Bellevue made his home for a number of years with his sister, Mrs. W. E.

Guthrie, in New York; went to Youngstown in 1950 to make his home near a niece, Mrs. Campbell Robertson; survived by one sister, Mrs. W. B. Guthrie of Bronxville, N. Y., and other nieces, Mrs. H. J. Altfillisch, Dubuque, Mrs. J. M. Abraham, Flossmoor, Ill., Miss Mary Helen Russell, New York City, the Misses Jean and Molly Guthrie, Bronxville, N. Y. and Mrs. Ralph G. Miller, University Park, Md.

CHARLES W. WADE, merchant and legislator, died at Fairfield, Iowa, January 26, 1956; born in Mercer county, Illinois, February 23, 1872; the third son of Oliver P. and Martha Cora Wade; moved with his parents as a small boy to Maryville, Missouri, where he attended the public schools, and in 1893 was married to Margaret Karnes of Maryville; came to Fairfield in February, 1897, and purchased a small variety store, beginning his business career with a capital of \$257, which he had saved from earnings as a store clerk in Maryville; the growing business later called the Fair store, ultimately became the city's largest department store; retired from active business in 1943, after 46 years continuous operation; became active as a civic leader and belonged to many organizations, including service as vice president of the Iowa State bank; in 1944 elected state senator representing Jefferson and Van Buren counties; a member of the Presbyterian church, the Fairfield Library board, and a trustee and treasurer of Parsons college; bereaved by death of Mrs. Wade in November, 1925, and married to Mrs. Myrtle Simpson in April, 1928, who survives with two step-children, Mrs. Roy Lawson, Council Bluffs, and Roy Simpson, Fairfield, two brothers, a sister and two step-grandchildren.

CHARLES ROE, lawyer and jurist, died at his home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, March 1, 1956; born in Nevada, Iowa, in 1896; of Norwegian ancestry, son of Ole O. and Elizabeth Emmons Roe; moved with parents to Des Moines and educated in the public schools of that city; was graduated in 1908 from East high school as president of his class; attended Drake university and was graduated from the law department in 1913, again the head of the senior class; admitted to the practice of law and located at Carson, Iowa, becoming associated with the late Frank Shinn, veteran Pottawattamie county attorney, and a year later was married to Pearl Mason of Des Moines; elected a judge of the Fifteenth Iowa district court in 1938, comprising Audubon, Cass, Fremont, Harrison, Page, Mills, Pottawattamie, Montgomery and Shelby counties, serving in that capacity until his death; a member of the Methodist church, Elks lodge, Masonic order, county, district and state

bar associations, the Iowa Judicial association, and a Republican; surviving are his widow, two daughters, Mrs. Lawrence Deupree, Moorhead, and Mrs. Harry Bigbee, Santa Fe, N. M., two sons, Charles M., assistant Pottawattamie county attorney, and Hugh, also of Council Bluffs, and 11 grandchildren.

MILTON J. WHITSON, structural engineer, died at Englewood, New Jersey, December 14, 1955; born at LeClaire, Iowa, in 1879; was graduated from the University of Illinois School of Architecture in 1901; early association was with Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation, first as district manager in Seattle and later as Pacific coast manager in San Francisco; during World War I was commissioned a colonel in the Army Quartermaster Corps and placed in charge of the construction division of the corps; later became associated as partner with Grant Smith & Co. of St. Paul in the development of power plants and railroad rights in the Pacific Northwest and for a period was vice chairman of Ulen & Co. engaged in construction developments in South America and in Europe; was a partner in Mason, Walsh, Atkinson & Kier during the construction of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia river in Washington state; since retirement as a member of the board of trustees of Englewood Hospital at Englewood, devoted most of his time to the development of the building plans for the new Englewood hospital; surviving are his widow, Mrs. Kathryn Whitson; a son, Henry J. Whitson of Englewood, a sister, Miss Mae E. Whitson of Davenport, Iowa, and four grandchildren.

RAY O. GARBER, attorney and legislator, died April 30, 1956, at Des Moines, Iowa; born October 16, 1887, at Adair, Iowa; attended public schools and was graduated from Adair high school; attended the State University of Iowa; admitted to the Iowa bar in 1914, after having read law in an Adair office; began practice of law in Adair the same year; moved to Des Moines in 1930 to become a member of the firm of Clark, Byers, Hutchinson and Garber; served in World War I as a lieutenant in the U. S. air corps; was a past commander of Sedan post of the American Legion in Adair; served as a member of the executive committee and chairman of the resolutions assignment committee of the national American Legion convention in 1935; was a member of the committee in the three previous conventions and for years was a member of other national Legion committees; represented Adair county in the Iowa house of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Fortieth extra General Assemblies in 1921 and 1923 and during the code revision session of 1924; became supreme chancellor

of the order of Knights of Pythias from 1940 until 1942, and had served as Iowa grand chancellor in 1925; was general counsel for the Farmers Life Insurance Co., of which he was a director; was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1948; survived by a sister, Mrs. Wauneta Jones of Adair, a brother, W. M. Garber of Chicago, Ill., and his wife, who was the widow of Carl H. Cook of Glenwood, former Iowa Republican state chairman, his first wife, Helen Graham of Atlantic, having died in 1947.

WILLIAM FREDERICK STIPE, attorney and legislator, died at his home, at Clarinda, Iowa, May 17, 1956; born on a farm near Grant, Montgomery county, Iowa, March 7, 1870; son of David Stipe, a native of West Virginia and a Federal soldier in the War of the Rebellion, and Amy Overman Stipe, born in Ohio; educated in the rural schools, Villisca high school, Western Normal college at Shenandoah and Highland Park college (A.B.—1894) at Des Moines; edited the *Villisca News* and the *Call* at Stanton, Iowa, four years; studied law in the offices of McPherson & Beeson at Red Oak, and took a special course in law at George Washington University, Washington, D.C.; was admitted to practice and became a member of the law firm of Stipe & Clark, later Stipe, Davidson and Davidson, at Clarinda, remaining a member of that firm 54 years; was clerk of the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in the Sixtieth congress; served as chairman of the Republican county central committee for two years and of the Eighth district Republican congressional committee for four years; elected State Representative in 1910 and re-elected in 1912; author of the city manager plan law; also served as Clarinda city attorney for 14 years and chairman of the legal advisory committee of the Iowa League of Municipalities for 10 years; during World War II it was estimated that he sent some 40,000 news letters to Clarindans in the armed forces; had two sons in the armed service, one of them being killed in the war; active in the Methodist church and at their national conferences; a member of the Fifteenth district bar association and the state association, serving on the executive committee of the latter four years; also a member of the American bar association, the Kiwanis club and the Masonic order; survivors include his widow, a son, William, of Evanston, Ill., a daughter, Mrs. Agnes Hitt of Alexandria, Va., two sisters, a brother and five granddaughters.

IOWA STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND ARCHIVES

Claude R. Cook, Curator
Des Moines

An institution of the State of Iowa, located at the seat of government, established as a department of the State in 1892, and administered by a Curator elected by a Board of Trustees composed of the Governor of the State, a Justice of the Iowa Supreme Court and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. It consists of the following divisions:

The Public Archives of the State of Iowa

The State Census Records of Iowa

The War History Division—Iowans in Four Wars

The G.A.R. Collection

The Portrait Gallery of Iowa, exhibiting oil portraits of the outstanding men and women who have contributed to Iowa culture, official life and progress.

The Museum Division: Indian, geology, pioneer life, transportation, and natural history collections and exhibits

Publication: *ANNALS OF IOWA, a Magazine of History*

The Iowa Historical and Genealogical Library

The Newspaper Division—Files of Iowa newspapers and periodicals from territorial days to the present

The Manuscript Collection including papers, addresses, documents and correspondence of eminent Iowans, supplying unrecorded chapters in state history

In the interest of preserving Iowa history, the Curator solicits the presentation, to the Manuscript Collection, of letters, diaries, family histories, and general manuscripts about Iowans and institutions in the area of which the state is a geographical part.

ANNALS OF IOWA

In the more than half a century the *ANNALS OF IOWA* has been published, it has been a repository for, and made available, a vast amount of valuable data on the history of the State otherwise not accessible. The securing of material, and editing and supervising its publication, is a part of the immediate task of carrying on the work of the Department in harmony with established traditions.

Bound files of the publication are preserved in countless libraries of the State, and may be consulted by those engaged in research and historical writing.

